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SEVILLE—THE GIRALDA.

SPANISH CITIES

WITH GLIMPSES OF GIBRALTAR AND TANGIER

BY

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD

EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK OBSERVER"
AUTHOR OF "ACROSS RUSSIA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
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TO ETHEL

A FOND DAUGHTER

AND

A CHARMING COMPANION IN TRAVEL

THESE RECORDS OF OUR

SPANISH JOURNEY

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

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SPANISH CITIES

I

THE BORDERS OF SPAIN

FROM THE RIVIERA TO MARSEILLES — A COSMOPOLITAN CITY — FROM FRANCE INTO SPAIN — MANNERS AND CUSTOMS — A DOG DELAYS A TRAIN — A SPANISH PROFESSOR

It was a bright April day when we left Cannes and the Riviera, on the way to Marseilles. We were loth to leave the place where we had rested so pleasantly. All was lovely and paradisiacal; the sun shone warm and bright, the large palms waved their fronds gracefully and beckoned us to sit beneath their shade; the sea and shore were perfect in their beauty of outline and color; the hotel "Prince de Galles" was choice in all of its appointments, and the guests at this season were so few that it seemed like our private palace. On the day before leaving we drove to Grasse, over the picturesque hills, and saw her Majesty the Queen of England, with her daughter Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, and the Highland man-servant who always attends the Queen. Grasse is a famous place for perfumes, and the whole region

is given up to the cultivation of flowers. We would gladly have lingered in the midst of such beauty and fragrance, but then we should not have seen Spain. So we took the railway for Marseilles, and found that we were in company with an English lord, whose yacht was waiting for him at Toulon, another Englishman who read Tacitus all the way, and a young French couple who had been recently married and who had a very vigorous mother-in-law to engineer their wedding trip. These things are managed better in America, so far as the young people are concerned. At Marseilles the whole town was excited about a "battle of flowers" which was to take place on Sunday, and arches and platforms and manifold preparations occupied the minds of all the citizens. The hotels were full, and we were glad to get away from the noise and excitement of a French fête.

Marseilles is a great and busy seaport, a rendezvous for travellers from all parts of the world. We saw Turks and Greeks and Americans and Italians and many other nationalities here; and the foods of all nations, from the figs of Smyrna and the tea of China to the salmon of Oregon and the beef of Chicago, are to be had in the shops and markets. Having been warned of the scanty rations which travellers in Spain might expect, we laid in at Marseilles sundry jars of prepared beef for soup, and tea and biscuits. These stores were useful upon long railway journeys, but the traveller who is not fastidious does not now need to carry his provisions with him in Spain any more than he does in the United States. Indeed, I have been far more hungry and unable to find a

decent place to get a well-cooked meal in driving through the small Hudson River towns, than anywhere in the Iberian peninsula; and in my American travels I have often esteemed myself fortunate to have a friend who would show hospitality to a pilgrim, where there was no public house in which he could dine or lodge.

Had we intended to visit the South of France, such places as Arles, Avignon, Nîmes, and Carcassonne would have occupied a week or fortnight; but we were bound for Spain, and so we took the rapid train, which brought us to the frontier about midnight, and introduced us all at once to the Spanish people and their customs. At Port Bou we changed all externals but our clothes. The language was new and difficult, and there was no language spoken but Spanish. The railway carriages were like those of Switzerland, and the guards and ticket-takers passed through a centre aisle from one compartment to another, instead of climbing along on the outside of the train as they do in England and France. Dignity and deliberation marked the movements of all officials, and the people whom we saw seemed to have nothing to do, or else unlimited time in which to perform their tasks. The waits at the stations were very long, and on looking out at one place to learn the cause of delay, we saw the entire railway force formed in a circle, inside of which a dog was passing around on his hind legs and begging sugar. This amazing feat was the cause of a delay of nearly a quarter of an hour after the train that we were to meet had arrived. Nothing is done in a hurry in

Spain, and we soon learned to "take life easy," and to enjoy as much as nervous Americans ever can enjoy, the *dolce far niente*, the sweet do-nothing.

We also became acquainted with tobacco more intimately than ever before; for all the men in every railway carriage and public vehicle smoked incessantly, and not infrequently the women joined in. At most of the hotel tables d'hôte, cigarettes were smoked not only after meals, but between the courses, and all the rooms and halls and people smell of tobacco, varied in the lower classes with strong garlic. Luggage is examined at almost every town, but good-naturedly so far as that of English-speaking people is concerned. The delay is sometimes vexatious, but even that can be shortened by a few small coins. Coins at once suggest beggars. From the time you enter till you leave Spain you will always have the beggar with you, and a plentiful supply of copper coin is the best defence against this importunity. If one gives a single coin, it is accepted for the nonce, and he can walk a few steps in peace, but those who are not utterly oblivious to pathetic appeal and insensible to persistent importunity can find even temporary immunity in no other way.

Among our travelling companions was a Spanish professor who knew some words of English and a good deal of French. When he found that he had an audience composed chiefly of English and French speaking people with him in the railway carriage, he at once assumed his professional character and began to deliver a lecture upon the proper method of learning Spanish. Getting more and more excited

with his theme, he stood up and addressed me with forcible gesticulations, "You do so English speak, but Spanish is not thus," and then his English failing him, he launched out in French to explain his point, ran against a lingual snag, and ended in voluble Spanish. After a lengthy exhibition of his talents he grew weary, pulled out a cigarette, and lapsed into dreamy apathy for the rest of the journey.

We passed by Perpignan, a dull town with nothing but a citadel begun by the kings of Aragon, and fortified by Charles the Fifth. A river crosses the city, and some arches of an aqueduct made by a king of Majorca to bring water to his royal palace still remain. In a little while we came to Gerona, where there is a great cathedral, the first of a series of holy places which are wonderful for their architectural features and their past history. We have left the busy present of Europe behind us for a time, and though we may see it again at Barcelona and Madrid, we shall be undisturbed by the noise and excitement of this progressive age while we linger in old cathedrals and saunter through many of the quiet towns in Spain.

II

GERONA AND ITS CATHEDRAL

ITS WARS AND SIEGES — PLANNING THE CATHEDRAL — A CONVENTION OF ARCHITECTS — THE WONDERFUL ARCH — CURIOSITIES WITHIN THE BUILDING

GERONA is a quaint old city, picturesquely placed on the banks of the rapid river Oña, and on the steep sides of the hills that bound it. It seems asleep: there are no vehicles passing through the silent streets, the few people that are to be seen have apparently nothing to do, even the market-place is desolate. More than fourteen thousand people live here, but there are no manufactures nor trade. Gerona has a history, however, and contains one of the most remarkable cathedrals in Spain. We will rest at the hotel, with its pretty name "Fonda de la Estrella" and read a little history. The place is said to have been founded in the tenth century, but there are few traces of Gothic or Moorish occupation. The kings of Aragon dwelt here and were called Marquises of Gerona; and because the town was a royal residence it had to pay the penalty of greatness, and was often besieged and ruined in the early centuries. In 1285 it was besieged by the French King Philip the Rash, but the inhabitants made a brave resistance and only surrendered to starvation. There is an inscription over one of the

gates, the Puerta de la Carcel, which says that the French took it, not "*per forsa mes per fam*," not by force, but by famine. There was another great siege just eighty-two years ago, when thirty-five thousand French troops under Verier, St. Cyr, and Augereau besieged the place for seven months and five days. It was an heroic struggle on the part of the inhabitants, who remembered their ancestry, and fought with desperation and endured with fortitude. Fifteen thousand of the besiegers were slain and nine thousand of the Spaniards died from wounds or starvation. The French had forty batteries, and the town had only a few old guns and scanty ammunition, and the guns were served and loaded by the women. They held out well; but hatred and vengeance and even despair cannot match the odds of well-recruited armies and plenty of powder and ball, so Gerona had to yield, and that was its death struggle. The people live there now because they were born in the place and cannot get away, and strangers come to see the Cathedral; and as we are rested we will go and see it too.

The Cathedral is approached by a wide and handsome flight of steps. It has a plain front, ornamented with a circular rose-window, and with statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. It was intended to raise two towers, but only one was built. The first building was very ancient, and the Moors used it for a mosque. When they were driven out, the building was restored to its original use, but it had become ruinous, and in the eleventh century a new building was consecrated on the ruins of the old one. This, too, was pulled down, except the cloisters and belfry,

and in 1316 the Chapter began to rebuild. The Cathedral at Gerona is the successor of several that preceded it, and is certainly old enough and grand enough to be treated with respect. Enrique of Narbonne was the first architect; he died, and Jacob de Favarlis was appointed at a salary of three hundred dollars a quarter and an agreement to come six times a year and inspect the work. Then came Bartolomé Argenta, who built the choir, and then Pedro de San Juan, and then William Boffy, and Rollin Vautier, and Pedro Cypress. These did not suffice; for in 1416, when the plan which was carried out, and which makes the Cathedral so remarkable, was proposed by Boffy, a junta of fourteen architects was called in, and answered the questions of the Chapter upon their oaths.

Boffy proposed to build a nave of the same width as the choir, a single nave without aisles. The architects were asked "in the name of God our Lord and the Virgin our Lady Saint Mary," first, "if the work of one nave commenced of old could be continued with the certainty of remaining secure and without risk?"

Second, if not, "whether the work of three naves, continued on, would be congruous, sufficient, and such as would deserve to be prosecuted?"

Third, "what form or continuation of the said works will be the most compatible and the best proportioned to the chevet (or head) of the said church which is already begun, made and finished?"

The architects and masters took the oath, and gave their answers to each of the questions. I have read

them all, and they are exceedingly interesting. Almost all agree that the great nave can be built. Some think the "three naves" will be "congruous," and some think they will be "incongruous." But there is a substantial agreement that the plan of the architect is trustworthy and can be carried out, that it will stand "earthquakes and violent winds," and be harmonious and beautiful. This narrative is good reading, in an age like the present, when immense structures are constantly being erected for the occupation of hundreds and thousands of human beings without a particle of consideration whether they will resist earthquakes and violent winds, whether the fire will not reduce them in a few minutes to a heap of ruins, or their flimsy construction render it unsafe to store them with goods or to occupy them with machinery. There is hardly a building in our broad land which for solidity, beauty, and quality of endurance can compare with this erection of Guillermo Boffy in the little town of Gerona, in the fifteenth century.

His grand scheme was the erection of the widest pointed vault in Christendom. The clear width of the nave is seventy-three feet, and its height is admirably proportioned to this vast dimension. Street says that if the nave had been longer by a single bay, no interior in Europe could have surpassed it in effect. There are four bays with chapels opening into each and filling up the space between the enormous buttresses. At the east end of the nave three arches open into the choir and its aisles, and above these are three circular windows. That the immense span of this nave may be appreciated, I will give the

size of a few similar well-known structures: Gerona is 73 feet wide; York Cathedral is 52; Canterbury, 43; Westminster Abbey, 38; Cologne, 44; Notre Dame in Paris, 48; Toulouse, 63; Perpignan, 60. These figures indicate the magnificence of the scheme of the architect and its success. It was proposed by some architects to make the Gerona Cathedral a model in some respects for the future Protestant Episcopal Cathedral which is to adorn New York island; and if we are to have a building that will outlast the ages, and unite beauty and grandeur in its composition, there is no better place than Spain to look for a model. Such buildings are illy adapted to modern American ecclesiastical uses, but they are splendid monuments of religious devotion and piety — which, however mistaken in our judgment, were sincere, generous, and ennobling. In the altar end of the church is a curiously carved and pinnacled *retablo* covered with silver plates, illustrating scenes in the life of our Lord and of the saints; the *baldacchino*, or canopy, is of wood covered with silver, and is supported by four shafts of marble. There is a curious arrangement behind the altar, a white marble seat for the bishop, raised to the level of the altar. Here he sat till the offering was presented, and to this he returned to give the benediction. On the north wall is a wooden wheel hung with silver bells which are jingled melodiously by an acolyte at the elevation of the Host. There is also a doorway which is ingeniously arranged as a monument, and there is much elegant stained glass.

The inhabitants take no care to preserve either the

church or its contents, though they gather in great numbers to worship at its festivals; but the massive and wonderful building is well worth seeing, and is perhaps a good introduction to the larger and more elaborate structures which abound throughout Spain.

III

BARCELONA

A BUSY AND ATTRACTIVE CITY — OUT-DOOR LIFE — SPANISH TROOPS — FINE PROMENADES — STATUE OF COLUMBUS — CAFÉS AND VILLAS — A SPANISH LEGEND — TWO ANCIENT BUILDINGS — THE CATHEDRAL — THE GOOD KNIGHT VILARDELL — CLOISTERS AND FOUNTAINS — A CURIOUS BURIAL PLACE

We arrived at Barcelona early in the morning and found quarters at the "Cuatros Naciones," which is the best hotel in the town. The streets were full of people, and as the day passed on, fine carriages drawn by superb horses and filled with handsome ladies and gentlemen drove up and down the "Rambla," which is the chief parade, and through the Paseo de Gracia, the Central Park of Barcelona. The women wore lace mantillas over their heads, and no hats or bonnets were seen except on the heads of foreigners or travellers. There was no end of pretty children and flowers, and all sorts of delights for the eye; gypsies playing on guitars and mandolins, and most respectful old beggars, so polite and courteous that it seemed a pity not to reward such ridiculous good manners. The whole town seemed to be in the streets, not only at the hours for promenade, but at all hours of the day or evening. Unlike

BARCELONA—THE RAMBLA.

the custom in other towns in Spain, the women throng the streets. They are very beautiful, some white as alabaster with flashing dark eyes, others olive brown with rich red lips. They dress in the gayest of colors, and add to the constant clatter of the town by their vivacious conversation. The tram-cars, which pass incessantly, are drawn by mules curiously clipped in patterns. A gypsy band was playing under my windows, and a man with a silver dish was passing it around and collecting the coppers of the passers-by.

It was the last of April, and there was an expectation of labor riots throughout Spain on the first of May. Barcelona is a large manufacturing city which receives thousands of bales of cotton from the United States, and the government had made extensive preparations to prevent riots. A large body of troops paraded the city daily, and regiments of infantry and cavalry and a large park of artillery were in constant motion. Perhaps it was due to these precautions that the day passed quietly when it came, while many outbreaks occurred in France and other countries. The soldiers wear red trousers and gray coats, and a queer flat cap with a curved front and a visor that folds over the brow. The officers have black oilcloth covers, which they wear over the cap, and short black coats with a closely buttoned vest. Most of the soldiers were very young, short and light, alert in their bearing, and of a serious aspect which seemed at variance with their youth. The cavalry were well mounted and rode their horses to perfection.

There is nothing to designate Barcelona as a Spanish city except the people, and they are Catalans rather than Spaniards. The main streets are long and well paved, and contain many handsome shops. The Rambla is a wide boulevard, with a broad walk in the centre, beneath arching plane trees, and a carriage drive on either side. It is a mile long, and the upper half is devoted to the flower market, where fruits and birds in great variety are offered for sale during the morning hours. Here every variety of costume may be seen: men wearing long dark cloaks with gay linings, which they swing gracefully over one shoulder; peasants dressed in black velvet, with red caps falling back over the neck, and large sashes around the waist; and women with their faces half hid by lace mantillas or shawls, short skirts, and dainty shoes upon their feet. Spain is the only European country where American ladies can find shoes ready-made, which are small enough to fit their little feet; but the hands and feet of the Spanish ladies are like those of our own countrywomen, delicate and beautiful. At the foot of the Rambla, towards the sea, is the Muralla del Mar, a spacious promenade formed by a sea-wall that overlooks the harbor, which is full of the vessels of all nations. At the commencement of this terrace stands a noble monument to Christopher Columbus, who was received here four hundred years ago with great pomp by the sovereigns to whom he had given a new world. It is a fine shaft, surmounted by a bronze statue, with elaborate bronze bas-reliefs around the base. From this terrace, also, one can see over the port to

the blue Mediterranean, and on the north to the arsenals and the citadel. We climbed the heights and had a magnificent view of the old city and its port, the Cathedral towering in the midst, and beyond, the new city, with its rows of elegant buildings. Then the suburbs, gemmed with handsome villas, and far on the outskirts a multitude of factories, which explained the busy and commercial aspect of the place.

In the principal streets there are many handsome cafés, which seem to be always crowded with men. People do not sit out upon the pavement as in Paris, but in these immense mirror-lined saloons at little tables. Here in the morning the Barcelonese come to take their chocolate, which is served thick and hot, to read the journals, and to talk politics. All day long the cafés are full of men sipping sweet beverages or drinking wine, and at night the crowd is so great that one can hardly find a place. The noise of hundreds of tongues is increased by the clatter of hundreds of dominos upon the marble tables, and finds vent into the streets, where it blends with the cries of itinerant venders and the roar of a great city.

There is one street, the "Calle de la Plateria," where the silversmiths live and make quaint silver ornaments and earrings of antique form for the peasant women. Here the lover of old and curious treasures can search and sometimes be rewarded by finding real prizes in the work of former times.

The climate of Barcelona is hot and dry in summer, but mild in winter, with rarely any snow.

There are charming retreats in the suburbs, to which

the prosperous inhabitants resort for residence. In summer the sun beats down upon the hills, and the moisture is drawn out of the soil, which cracks in wide and ghastly rifts. Then the lizards run about in the pleasing heat, and the dangerous tarantula is at hand. Of this poisonous insect a Spanish legend says it was once a foolish woman, who was never tired of dancing. When our Lord was passing by she behaved so irreverently that he changed her into a spider, and placed the form of a guitar upon her back, with the fate that whoever was bitten by her should dance till he fell down from faintness and fatigue. We have begun to hear these apocryphal gospels, of which Spain is full; but though we do not believe the legend, we will avoid the tarantula.

Nothing could be more delightful than the spring days which we passed in Barcelona. We could appreciate the language of Washington Irving written in 1844: "All here is picture and romance. Nothing has given me greater delight than occasional evening drives with some of my diplomatic colleagues to those country-seats or *torres*, as they are called, situated on the slopes of the hills, two or three miles from the city, surrounded by groves of oranges, citrons, figs, and pomegranates, with terraced gardens gay with flowers and fountains. Here we would sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain, the distant city gilded by the setting sun, and the blue sea beyond. Nothing can be purer and softer and sweeter than the evening air inhaled in these favored retreats." Barcelona has become a city of traffic and manufactures since Irving's day and can hardly merit

now the description of Cervantes, "*flor de las bellas ciudades del mundo*," the flower of the beautiful cities of the world, but it is still grand, beautiful, and captivating.

In Barcelona besides the English Church, whose chaplain attends British ships in the harbor, there are missions of the Swiss Church with chapel and schools, a Wesleyan mission, and several halls in the suburb of Gracia, where the Plymouth Brethren hold and support meetings. The city seems, however, to a traveller to be given up to Romanism and pleasure upon Sundays and the numerous holidays of the Roman Catholic Church.

The streets of Barcelona in the older part of the town are narrow, winding, and dull, yet they open into squares, and reveal buildings which are important and interesting. In the square of the Constitutio are two palaces, the Casa Consistorial, a fine Gothic hall of the fourteenth century, in which ancient councils were held; and Casa de la Disputacion, with a beautiful staircase leading to the chapel of St. George, which is full of fine architectural features. George was the tutelar saint of the Disputacion, and tradition narrates how he fought the Moors for the Aragonese and Catalans; his day is still kept as a festival, though the old jousts and tournaments which enlivened it have ceased.

The old palace, which contained the archives of the kings of Aragon, has many thousand manuscript volumes, rich and rare, and illuminated missals which formerly enriched convents. This library is reached by a staircase, on which stands a fine statue of Vilar-

dell, the brave knight whose statue adorns many places in Barcelona. The library has also a beautiful Moorish ceiling. The dismal court of the prison and palace of the Inquisition, with its little windows heavily barred and secret doors, is also to be seen. There are in Barcelona a fine cathedral and many churches worth visiting, especially by artists and architects. The Cathedral, a noble Gothic structure, is approached by an elevated flight of steps, which adds the appearance of height to the principal front, left unfinished for many years, but now completed. It has lofty bell towers, and on the side of one portal is an inscription, which gives the year 1298 as that in which the building was begun, and 1329 as another important date in the prosecution of the work. Over the entrance is a carving which represents the fight between the dragon which the Moors are said to have let loose, and the legendary hero Vilardell. The country is full of legends, and this one narrates that when the hero was forced by the Moors to abandon his castle, God tried his charity first by appearing to him in the form of a beggar. He answered satisfactorily to this trial and then his courage was tested. He was armed with a miraculous sword with which he could even smite the rocks in twain, and cut down the sturdiest trees. He killed the dragon with this noble weapon, and now came the trial of his humility. Alas! he failed; for he was so elated by his victory that he cried out, "Well done, mighty sword, and not less mighty arm of Vilardell!" While he was thus exulting, he felt some drops of dragon's blood falling from the uplifted sword upon his arm. They were

deadly poison, and the vaunting warrior died instantly, being, as the pious narrator informs us, "punished for his vainglory." The legend is instructive and warning, and is no doubt, like many such tales, "founded upon fact."

The interior of the Cathedral is composed of three vast naves, and in a cloudy day the gloom is intense; but when the brilliant sun of Spain streams in through the superb stained windows, which are said to be the finest in the country, the effect is wonderful. The colors are chiefly blue, and purple, and red, but so pure and fresh that they dye with their gorgeous hues every object upon which the transmitted sunbeams fall.

Under the high altar is a subterranean chapel, which contains the body of Saint Eulalia. Here lights are always burning, and whenever we were in the Cathedral we saw women kneeling and praying at the head of the staircase which leads down to the tomb of the saint. Eulalia means "well-spoken"; and the virgin with this complimentary name is said to have been martyred by the Roman emperor Dacian in 309, and her body removed from the church of St. Maria del Mar five hundred and sixty-nine years later. Many sovereigns have been in the habit of passing the night at her shrine. She was a maiden of such beauty, and her murderers were so dazzled by it, that a mist gathered in their eyes and hid her completely from view as they attempted profanely to gaze upon her loveliness. De Amicis tells us that her body is still as intact and fresh as during life, and that there is no human eye which can bear the sight.

Once an incautious bishop in the last century, who uncovered the remains from curiosity, became blind in the act of looking at them. Under these circumstances we were quite content to give Saint Eulalia a wide berth and contemplate her from the top of the staircase.

Below the organ hangs a monstrous Saracen's head, with open mouth and a long beard, and in one of the chapels is the crucifix which was carried on the flagship of Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto. It is bent on one side, and the explanation is, that when the Moors directed their fire against the sacred image, it turned aside and thus avoided the shot. The choir is adorned with the painted shields of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, who held a general assembly here in 1519. The scene must have been imposing, when these walls were hung with rich tapestries and velvets, and Charles V. on a brocaded throne, surrounded by kings of Poland and Denmark, the Prince of Orange and the Dukes of Alba, Frias, and Cruz, and a great and glorious company of the nobility of Spain and the Low Countries, presided over the Chapter. It was at that visit that Charles said, "I would rather be Count of Barcelona than King of the Romans."

A great round arch leads into the cloister, a large quadrangle, where ancient orange trees, full of golden fruit, and large trees of geraniums and giant shrubs flourish amidst the plash and murmur of fountains. One of these fountains, the Fontana de las Ocas, is the figure of our famous knight, Vilardell, on a horse which spouts water from his nostrils and has a long

curving *jet d'eau* in place of a tail. Beside these fountains dwell the flocks of geese which have been kept here for generations. They stretch out their long necks and hiss at the intruder, and are famous guardians of the treasures of the Cathedral.

The churches of San Pablo del Campo, and San Pedro de las Pudellas, with their early architectural features, — heavy, low, round arches, — and the grand nave of Santa Maria del Mar, with its octagon columns, are all worth a visit. We heard a sermon in one of these, from a very eloquent priest, who warned the people against the heresies of Protestants and the sin of unbelief. The church was crowded to the door with people, a large majority of whom were men, standing in the aisles and against the pillars, while the women mostly sat upon cane-bottomed chairs. In all of these buildings the gloom was intense, but there was no dampness as in the Italian churches. The windows were full of rich glass, the architecture was grand, the floors were dirty beyond description; but upon them men and women kneeled, praying aloud, and often weeping and sobbing piteously. One evening we heard a special mass with grand music which echoed through the long-drawn aisles and among the arches, like heavenly melodies; but when the singing ceased in the chapel and we were alone in the great nave, the silence and darkness became so oppressive that we were glad to get out into the Rambla among the gay crowds, to dissipate the impression of sadness which the service had inspired.

Barcelona possesses a little park, upon which much money has been spent. It is full of palm trees and

aloes and coffee trees, and has fine artificial terraces and caverns and fountains. It is carefully kept and very pretty. Near by is the barracks of the troops, a large number of whom are always quartered here; and our evening drives were enlivened and distracted by soldiers practising upon their musical instruments, with every variety of discord. There was no other music in or near the park, and perhaps those who "have no music in their souls" might mistake these fearful sounds for the music of a band.

Beyond the gates there is a curious cemetery, a kind of city of the dead, with long streets of walls. These walls are full of crypts, or shelves. The dead are placed in the walls lengthwise, arranged in rows, like volumes on the shelves of a library. On a depression in the wall over every crypt the name of the person within is inscribed, and either glass or wire netting is placed over it. The space is often large enough to contain little offerings of pictures, photographs, and artificial flowers; and in some cases the toys and playthings which are placed within indicate that children are buried below. These spaces are rented by the year; and if the rental is not paid the casket is taken away and deposited in the paupers' cemetery, the glass is removed, the name is erased, and the crypt made ready for a new occupant. The cemetery is very extensive, and between the part occupied by the middle classes and the very poor, among trees and flowering shrubs, is a fine marble chapel. Barcelona has stretched out its streets and avenues like an American town, in advance of population. The new portions of the city, most of which

owe their construction to the international exhibition of 1888, are very handsome; but they loaded the city with debt and ruined many contractors. The exhibition did not prove a success, and it will be some years before the natural growth even of such a prosperous city as Barcelona will recover from the strain.

IV

TARRAGONA

AN EVENING RIDE — DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLERS — A NOBLE SITE — A CITY OF MANY CONQUERORS — A RARE CATHEDRAL — WONDERFUL CARVINGS AND CLOISTERS

THE days allotted to Barcelona had passed all too swiftly away, and we bought our tickets, and sent our luggage to the railway office. The arrangements for luggage in the chief towns of Spain are equal to anything in New York. A porter will carry your trunks to the railway office, which is usually near to the hotel, and return with the paper check, which you can fold up and put in your pocket-book. You pay him for his trouble and repay the amount charged for weight. When you reach your journey's end, you hand your paper check to another porter, and he brings your luggage to the omnibus which is waiting to convey you to the hotel which you have chosen. I prefer this arrangement to the choicest plans yet invented by Dodd or Westcott or their numerous compatriots. One does not have so much brass to cumber his pocket, nor so many fees to pay; and the service is more prompt and trustworthy. Spain is usually considered as a retrograde country and very slow, but this branch of the baggage express business is far better managed than it is in the United States.

We left Barcelona in the evening train for the short ride to Tarragona. It was full moonlight and the road ran for a part of the way along the sea. The ride would have been very pleasant had the company been agreeable, but after we were nicely settled in a comfortable "no fumar" (no smoking) carriage, four large Germans forced their way in. They had second class tickets and were very angry at being obliged to pay extra fare, the train being composed of first class carriages only. They had been drinking heavily, as persons often do in these countries where wine is furnished free at meals. They soon began to smoke, and upon being informed politely by the Spanish guard that the compartment was "non-smoking," and that there were two ladies to whom smoking was offensive, they became very angry and cursed the guard and abused the railway, and were exceedingly brutal and disgusting. I have known many very agreeable and polite persons of this nationality, but as a rule those who are met in travel are, since the Franco-Prussian war, extremely arrogant. We have had many experiences with them while travelling in Europe during the past three years, and all have been disagreeable. We were heartily glad when the express train had crawled as far as Tarragona and we could change our company. We were bundled into a long omnibus, to which a string of mules was attached, and whirled through devious ways to the Fonda de Paris, a good hotel near the ramparts.

The old part of Tarragona is finely situated on the steep slope of a hill, eight hundred feet high. The

stately Cathedral crowns the city, which is encircled by grand and lofty walls. Beyond and below the walls is the modern town, which has no interest except as the centre of the present trade and business. A broad street, called, after the one in Barcelona, "Rambla," separates the upper and lower towns. A narrow-gauge tramway runs from the railway station through this street, and even climbs into the narrow street in the upper town in front of the Cathedral.

The views on all sides are beautiful. There are charming promenades on the ramparts, from which one can look far out southward on the sea, dotted with sails and steamers. Looking to the east, hill rises beyond hill, point succeeds point, jutting out from the shore line, the green and dark colors of the land contrasting with the deep-blue waters of the Mediterranean, and making a most charming picture. The western view is over a large expanse of cultivated land, studded with a rich growth of trees, till the view is bounded by hills, beyond the old town of Reus, a centre of business and manufactures.

Tarragona has been recommended for invalids on account of its delicious climate, but authorities differ greatly as to this matter. A place situated on such a lofty cliff overlooking the Mediterranean could hardly be a good winter resort, but sea breezes might greatly temper the summer heats of this interesting old town; and persons of antiquarian tastes could find much to occupy their time here, for there are many Roman ruins, and the Cathedral is one of the most noble and interesting in Spain.

Tarragona makes a considerable figure in history. It was an ancient Phœnician settlement, subsequently colonized by Carthaginians, who sent their soldiers to increase the army of Hannibal. Then it passed under the Roman sway, and was a winter residence of Augustus, twenty-six years before the birth of Christ. As a Roman province it sided with Pompey against Cæsar, a mistake of which it hastened to repent when the latter became the master of the world, sending ambassadors who successfully sued for pardon. Under Augustus the city grew to wealth and importance, possessed many splendid temples, fine baths and a magnificent amphitheatre, of which a few vestiges remain, a castle and a palace. Remains of the Roman period are still discovered in the shape of coins and mosaics and fragments of statues. After the Romans, came the Goths with their spirit of destruction, and what they left of Carthaginian and Roman splendor was ruthlessly effaced by Tarik and his Berber hordes. O'Shea says: "Its falling into the hands of Christians did not better its fate. It rose and prospered as the rival of Rome in magnificence and power; it stood a monument of greatness that was to pass away, and fell and lies there a hopeless and distorted mass — a skeleton whose very bones are now but dust — a vast necropolis." Its last disaster was in 1813, when it succumbed to the attack of the French, under Suchet, and was cruelly sacked.

Allusion has been made to the Cathedral of Tarragona. Every Spanish town has some wonderful religious edifice, and I do not intend to describe,

even in brief, all of the cathedrals that I visit; but where the building is so unique and beautiful as in Tarragona it would be impossible in justice to omit some description.

The Cathedral was begun in the twelfth century by San Olaguer, and work was continued on it to the fifteenth century. Like many such buildings, it was never completed; but enough has been finished to show the magnificent and beautiful plans of its many architects. The building is approached from the west by a steep flight of eighteen steps, which lead to a wide and deeply recessed doorway, flanked by two massive square piers crowned by pinnacles, and over which is a glorious rose window. Around the bases of these piers are a series of little decorated arches, and just above are niches for twenty-one statues of apostles and prophets under Gothic canopies. A number of the niches are vacant, which is accounted for by a tradition that the old saints get stiff and weary of the monotonous position, and so, every hundred years, one of them comes down and disappears. The interior of the church is cruciform, with a lofty nave, and two aisles; and the roof is light and elegant. The twenty piers are massive, and at the time of our visit were swathed in superb old tapestries. Hare says that some of the tapestries which decorate the walls once belonged to St. Paul's in London, and that they were sold by Henry the Eighth with a lot of other church furniture! The carvings throughout the church are rich and in exquisite detail, especially those of the high altar, where you may observe insects hanging from inter-

twined leaves, and draperies of statues of saints wrought with the utmost delicacy and minuteness.

The cloisters, however, are the choicest part of the Cathedral, and among the most interesting in Spain. The door by which you enter is divided in the centre by a pillar resting on a base of intertwined serpents; and its capital is adorned with a number of carvings, among which is the Adoration of the Magi. Above this are the symbols of the evangelists. Another capital represents the three magi asleep in the same bed, while a winged herald is waking them up to go on to Bethlehem.

The detailed architectural and carved work of these cloisters is exquisite and curious. The upper circle of one of the pillars is extremely quaint. There are two scenes carefully carved. In one, some mice are conducting the funeral of a cat, which is borne on a bier; in front, march priestly mice carrying the sprinkling brush and the holy water; alongside, walks the sexton mouse with a trowel to dig the grave. The corpse of the cat is admirably carved. In the second scene, the cat, who had counterfeited death, is springing from the bier; while the mice priests, mourners, undertakers, sexton, and all are scattering in every direction. The capitals of the columns beneath this ring of sculpture represent a cock-fight. Other capitals have hunting scenes, and legends of the saints, and historical events. The gardens of the cloister contain Gothic arches cut and trimmed from box, and other shrubs, and large beds of ivy and myrtle in quaint shapes.

There are fine chapels, and glorious windows of rich purple and orange glass, and the tombs of heroes, and all the paraphernalia of a cathedral at Tarragona; but the building itself is here more interesting than the things which it contains.

V

JOURNEYINGS IN CATALONIA

LEAVING TARRAGONA — REUS AND ITS PROTESTANT CHURCH — THE STORY OF POBLET — A MONKISH LEGEND AND A TRUE HISTORY

We left Tarragona early in the morning, driving down from the hotel upon the ramparts to the dirty little railway station. With great deliberation our luggage was weighed, labelled, and placed upon the platform, and then the process of ticket-taking consumed another quarter of an hour. As the train was to start from Tarragona these processes were only tedious and amusing. Had an express train been coming — but then an express train never is coming in Spain; we "learn to labor, *and to wait.*"

The scenery was extremely beautiful; hill and plain and distant mountain were robed in the freshness of spring. The air was full of fragrance and melody, and the bright sun shone upon a landscape which, in every direction, greeted the eye with charms.

Not long after leaving Tarragona we came to the lively manufacturing town of Reus. It is said that a great deal of the champagne which is used in the United States is made from New Jersey cider; however this may be, there is no concealment of the fact

that Reus is the great manufactory of imitations of French champagne and Burgundy wines.

Rev. Mr. Martinez, a minister of the Free Church of Vaud, has a Protestant church in Reus. The Spanish law forbids that the place in which Protestants meet for worship should by its outward shape or form proclaim the purpose for which it is used, or that there should be on the outside walls any notification of its character. So the Reus building is externally an ordinary dwelling-house. But the ground floor, on the one side, is taken up with a boys' school, and on the other with a girls' school and the little chapel. Upstairs, on the first floor, lives the pastor, while on the next floor live the teachers and the caretaker of the premises. In addition to his schools and preaching services at Reus, Mr. Martinez has a little flock of about twenty communicants in Tarragona, with which he meets in an upper back room twice a week.

In Roman days the Apostle Paul is said by local tradition to have preached in Tarragona; and a very tiny and ancient church building, which bears the apostle's name, occupies to-day the reputed site of the house in which he is said to have preached. And now, after Goths, and Moors, and Romanists have in turn held the place, there is here a Presbyterian church, a little seed that may grow, by wise culture and the divine blessing, into a tree of life.

As we journeyed on, the scenery became more grand, the railroad running along the foot of the Sierra de Prades as far as Espluga. This is the point from which to drive two miles over a wretched road,

or better far to walk, to the once rich and celebrated Cistercian Monastery of Poblet. The story of the foundation of the place runs thus: When the Moors ruled in Catalonia, a holy hermit sought refuge in the Sierra de Prades. But a Mohammedan emir, while hunting in the mountains, came upon him at his prayers. The emir seized the hermit and put him in prison. Angels came to his relief, as they did to Peter in the dungeon; and when the saint had been thus three times miraculously released, the Moor believed the miracle, and gave the hermit not only his liberty, but a choice parcel of land. In due time the hermit Poblet died, and in 1140 the Christians recovered their country from the Moors. The body of Poblet was revealed to the true Church by lights that danced above his grave; and the king, Ramon Berenguer IV., granted to its clergy all that the Moors had originally given to the hermit. This is the legend.

The real history of Poblet is far more wonderful than the monkish tale. The story is best told by Hare in his "Wanderings in Spain," though his brilliant periods are also to be found in Gallenga and others. After giving the legend, he continues: "Every succeeding monarch increased the wealth of Poblet, regarding it not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place. As the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hitherto, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the conventual life. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, but did not fill, the magnifi-

cent buildings; their domains became almost boundless; their jewelled chalices and gorgeous church furniture could not be reckoned. The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered the Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquises and counts less honored had a cemetery assigned to them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house. Gradually the monks of Poblet became more exclusive. Their number was reduced to sixty-six, but into that sacred circle no novice was introduced in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sat in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings. Every monk had his two servants, and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules of the friars were sought through the whole

peninsula at an enormous expense. Within the walls every variety of trade was represented; no monk need seek for anything beyond his cloister. The tailors, the shoemakers, the apothecaries, had each their wing or court. Hospitals were raised on one side for sick and ailing pilgrims; on the other, rose a palace appropriated to the sovereigns who sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards of the mountainous region which depended upon Poblet was brought to the great convent's wine-presses and was stowed away in its avenue of wine-vats. El Priorato became one of the most reputed wines in the country; the pipes, the presses, and the vats where it was originally prepared still remain almost entire." The power of the convent increased, and the monks abused it; then rumors of wrong-doing began to float about, peasants disappeared, and tales of secret dungeons and the rack were whispered. The people who had felt oppression were aroused. "Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted on by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. All gave way before them; nothing was spared. 'Destroy! destroy!' was

the universal outcry. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service. No fatigue, no labor was evaded. Picture and shrine, and tomb and fresco, fell alike under the destroying hammer, till wearied with devastation the frantic mob could work no more, and fire was set to the glorious sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap upon heap, were consumed to ashes."

At the present time the story of that day of destruction is engraved on every wall. It is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers; and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger the contrast with the coarse gaps, where the outer coverings of the walls have been torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground. Such is the story, and such the present appearance of the renowned monastery. The place is now the resort of artists and tourists from all parts of Europe and from America, who come to gaze upon its desolation. The natural scenery is grand and beautiful; but if the friars who were hurried from destruction on that eventful night ever revisit their once luxurious home, they must feel like the Jews who wail at the old wall of the temple in Jerusalem over glories and delights departed never more to return.

VI

LERIDA TO ZARAGOZA

THE CATHEDRAL-FORTRESS — THE HEAD OF HERODIAS — DISMAL SCENERY — AN AGREEABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION — ARRIVAL AT ZARAGOZA — HOTELS AND THEIR CUSTOMS

Lerida is an interesting old city, consisting of one long street, running parallel to the river Segre, of which stream tradition records that the daughter of Herodias danced upon the ice till she broke through, and the sharp ice cut off her head, which continued to dance after the body had been whirled away by the current. Behind the town the fortress hill rises abruptly to the height of three hundred feet, and upon the top is the old Cathedral. In 1707 the French made a fortress out of the building, and it has never been restored to religious uses. The Cathedral dates back to 1203, when King Pedro II. laid its corner stone; but it was not completed till after Columbus had discovered America. It is a steep walk up the hill, under a hot sun; but if the tourist will take the walk, and then, under the escort of a soldier, go to the top of the belfry tower, a superb prospect will reward him. The Cathedral has a nave, with two aisles, transepts, and at the eastern end a threefold apse. The octagonal steeple is built

in five stages, and from its position on the edge of the lofty cliff seems to be of enormous height. Soldiers sleep and eat within this ancient sanctuary, and not far off is a huge powder magazine. Here Cæsar defeated Pompey, and the Goths established a university, and here French and English have fought for the mastery, to the misery and destruction of the native Spaniards. Its last disaster was during the Peninsular War, when the town was surrendered, after unexampled barbarities by the French troops under Suchet.

From Lerida to Zaragoza the ride was dreary and desolate beyond description, — a rough country, absolutely without herbage, the soil a reddish brown and broken up by clefts and fissures, treeless hills and verdureless fields, and long stretches of dry and dusty land. Where houses and villages occurred, they only added to the monotony of the scenery, because their coloring was the same as that of the soil. The people at the stations were largely composed of beggars in the raggedest of old brown cloaks, Wellington boots cracked and rent, and dilapidated sombreros. As we drew near the mountains, clouds gathered and a storm of rain, hail, and snow came sweeping down upon us. When the storm had passed, the ground was covered with snow and hail, which added to the dreariness of the landscape. At Tardienta, where there is a branch line to Huesca, a fearful wreck of humanity performed upon a guitar in front of our carriage, drawing forth sounds from its belly compared with which a cat concert on a back fence would be dulcet melody.

We implored him to cease, adding a donation of copper coin which was more potent than our prayers. Such strains in the midst of such scenery were too lamentable and depressing to be borne.

At Lerida a pleasant middle-aged gentleman entered the carriage, and, finding that smoking was not expected, was about to withdraw. A polite intimation that the ladies would not object to his cigar after dinner induced him to remain, but he took great pains to puff the smoke out of the window and to shorten the period of his fumigation. As the time passed we began to converse in French, and although it was evidently difficult for him to recall the language and he often lapsed into Spanish, we became well and pleasantly acquainted. He shared his afternoon lunch with us, and a lady of our party made tea for him, and civilities and courtesies were interchanged in the real Spanish style. He proved to be one of the editorial fraternity, the editor of three Spanish journals published in Barcelona and Madrid, and a prominent member of the Cortes. We were sorry to part with a pleasant companion when we reached Zaragoza, and he continued on by night to Madrid.

Alighting at the railway station we struggled through the dirty crowd into a dingy room, where our luggage was examined, as it is in every Spanish town of any size. In the course of our journeying we met travellers who had been robbed at these examinations of a variety of portable articles, but we were so fortunate as to escape this kind of internal revenue in our many wanderings through Spain.

These duties over, we were conducted to a long, low, dirty omnibus, in which the passengers were seated, all except ourselves smoking villainous cigars, while the trunks were tossed upon the roof by baggage smashers who reminded us of home. We started, only to be stopped at the gates and our hand-bags examined by the officials who collect the "octroi" tax upon edibles and goods for sale brought into the town. At last these examinations were ended, and we drove across the grand old bridge built over the Ebro in the fifteenth century, beyond which are the two cathedrals of Zaragoza, in which service is held alternately every six months.

The streets of the old city are neither regular nor clean, and the pavements are rough. In some streets it is impossible for vehicles to pass, and in others there is not room for both vehicles and foot-passengers. From these narrow ways we emerged into the broad and open Plaza de la Constitucion, and were backed up to the door of the Fonda Europa. The "maid of Zaragoza" who showed us to our rooms was a man, and men are the usual "domestics" in Spanish inns. The Spanish hotels are kept upon the "American plan" — that is to say, a fixed price is charged per day, which includes rooms, meals, lights, and attendance. The meals are at regular times, though only the dinner is at a precise hour. The Spaniard takes a cup of chocolate and a piece of bread on rising, as the French take their coffee. From ten till one, the regular breakfast, consisting of a choice of three courses, goes forward; and the table d'hôte dinner is served at different hours in different

places, between six and eight o'clock in the evening. Smoking during meals, and after meals, and at all hours of the day and evening, is allowed in all hotels; and one who tries to change the habits of the Spaniards in this respect undertakes a hopeless task. The very servant who sweeps your room or brings up your morning coffee will have a cigarette in his mouth, and I have seen a smoking barber shaving a customer, who held a lighted cigar between his fingers and puffed vigorously between the cuts of the razor. The ordinary wine of the country is furnished with meals, and carafes of water are also freely supplied. The wine is strong and is said to be less acid than the French wines and more healthful. The water is sometimes very good, especially at Madrid and in Granada; but I should not care to drink much of it at Zaragoza or Seville. Bottled waters can always be had at low rates, and ice is not the unknown luxury in Spain that it is in some parts of Europe. The natives always sleep after the morning meal. The *siesta* is more than a custom, it is one of the conditions of life in a Spanish town. Even the beggar sprawls upon the pavement in the sun and sleeps like a dog in the highway at the appointed hour. The French cabman is not more determined to have his breakfast than is every Spaniard, from the highest hidalgo to the lowest menial, to secure his hour of sleep in the middle of the day. Whole cities seem to go to sleep when the summer sun has climbed into the zenith. We soon got into the way of resting at that hour and of sleeping when the

accommodations were nice. I cannot say much for the cleanliness of the rooms or the excellence of the fare at the best hotel in Zaragoza, but when compared with the rest of the town in these respects, it might be easily considered first-class.

VII

ZARAGOZA

AGUSTINA, THE MAID — THE SIEGE — THE CASTLE AND ITS DUNGEON — TWO CATHEDRALS — A FAMOUS SHRINE — ANOTHER LEANING TOWER

It was pleasant to find, when morning broke and we walked about Zaragoza, that the town did not look so bad as it smelt, and that there was a fine promenade, and houses with gardens in the suburbs. The river Ebro runs through Zaragoza, and waters the valley in which it stands. The country round about is diversified with olive groves and fields, whose verdure forms a pleasing contrast to the desert and horrid region on either hand. There were numerous white villas and towers around the city, which told of individual wealth, and inside of the town an occasional opening disclosed the courtyard of an elegant establishment. But the general impression left upon the mind about Zaragoza was that of a cold, poor, and decaying town, where the descendants of the ancient Aragonese drag out a miserable existence. The spirits of the Moor and the mediæval Spaniard pervade the place. Most of the streets are narrow and winding lanes, where people with tawny skin unused to water, and sad brown eyes, bare legs and arms, and swarthy, open chests, saunter about or

stand absorbed in dreamy contemplation; coarse brown woollen cloaks, reminding one of the dress of the Arabs of the desert, and gay handkerchiefs twisted around the heads of the people, like turbans, give a picturesque look to the arcades and markets where the crowds gather. The fronts of the houses are covered with balconies so thickly that there would be neither room nor need for a modern fire-escape, and the arrangements for awnings showed that all the year was not as cold as the springtime when we made our visit. We looked everywhere for Agustina, Byron's heroine of the siege of 1808. The description is so complete that we could not have missed her:

"Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye, that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Zaragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks and lead in Glory's fearful chase."

She died in 1867, and I am quite sure that she left no descendants who would fight beside a lover and work the gun when he fell mortally wounded, though it is said that these cold, indolent Aragonese are still heroic when aroused, and need only a taste of blood to fight like tigers. The siege is memorable in Spanish history. It lasted during sixty-two days of constant attack and defence. There was no organized army of defenders, but the people chose their own

ZARAGOZA—THE TORRE NUEVA.

officers and obeyed them. When famine came upon them, they formed processions to the Virgen del Pilar, and as they were fighting against men who would, if victorious, despoil the churches and profane all that they held sacred, their heroism became desperation. At last, after a number of unsuccessful attempts, the French made a breach, and ten thousand maddened troops rushed into the town. There in every narrow street there was a breastwork, and every housetop became a fortress. The combat in the streets continued for twenty-one days longer, and finally the city capitulated, obtaining, however, the most honorable terms.

The buildings in Zaragoza which attract the traveller are few. Two cathedrals, a wonderful leaning tower, the Lonja or Exchange, the castle, and a few private houses comprise the sights of the place. Not all of these are worth seeing, but we took a rickety cab and jolted for fifteen minutes over the cobblestones to see the castle, once a Moorish palace, afterwards the residence of the kings of Aragon, and now used as barracks for the troops. It has also been used as the palace of the Inquisition in those dark days when this fearful tribunal ruled in Europe, and when the *autos da fé* took place in the plaza of the town. A woman in authority showed us through the staircases and chambers, where royalty and ceremony and bigotry and cruelty have played their parts in the centuries gone, and where now common soldiers sleep and eat, and store their arms. Most of the place is covered with whitewash, but we could discern some traces of Moorish work in the first court,

and the arcades in the second; and some finely carved and gilded ceilings are traceable to the thirteenth century. One is shown, which is said to have been overlaid with the first gold which Columbus brought from America. There is a dungeon here, where the unhappy lover of Leonora, the heroine of *Il Trovatore*, languished in confinement.

La Seo is an ancient and sombre pile, whose beginnings antedate 290, when there was a Christian bishop in Zaragoza. When the Berbers came they turned this cathedral into a mosque, and it was reconsecrated to Christian worship in 1119. It was very much dilapidated after the Moors left, and was centuries in being repaired It has been remarked with truth, certainly so far as Spain is concerned, that "in the supposed *ages of faith*, faith was somewhat reluctant to give up any money for its own support and that of its ministers," and it was only after centuries of ordained imposts, taxes on food, land revenue, and such like contributions, that the cathedrals were built, enlarged, or restored. How different the habit in these so-called degenerate days, when, throughout Protestant England in the present century, nearly every cathedral of the Anglican Church has been restored at great expense from voluntary gifts! The interior of this sacred and historical place, for here all the kings of Aragon were anointed and crowned, is sombre and solemn. There are no side windows, and the light filters in through small round windows high up in the walls, over which in fine days faded red curtains are drawn. The pavement was comparatively clean, and was very

elegant, being made of choice marbles laid in rays diverging from the bases of the immense piers which support the roof. This device was designed to reproduce the tracery of a roof studded with rosettes and wheels, upon the floor, as if in a mirror. It was Moorish work of 1432. The modern ornamentation is in a style of architecture called "Churriguerresque," because invented by José Churriguerra, an architect of the early part of the eighteenth century. It might be classed with the "impressionist" style in painting, the object being to obtain effect as a whole, without reference to the tawdry and tasteless character of the details.

Many "mysteries" have been acted in this cathedral, and among them one of the Nativity, acted in 1478, before Ferdinand and Isabella. In the archives, we find charges like these for the expenses of such festivals, "Seven sueldos for making up the heads of the bullock and donkey in the stable at Bethlehem; six sueldos for wigs for those who are to represent the prophets; ten sueldos for six pairs of gloves to be worn by the angels."

The choir stands in the centre of the middle aisle of the Cathedral, and is rich with statues and carvings. At one end is a statue of a canon, to whom tradition declares that the Virgin Mary spoke on this very spot. The chapels are full of ornament, and services of some kind were always going on when we made our visits. The other cathedral is in striking contrast to La Seo. It is called the Catedral del Pilar. The exterior is like a Russian church with many domes and towers, covered with green

and blue and yellow tiles, gaudy and barbaric. The interior is a vast space, five hundred feet in length, bright with white paint and gilding, containing the most famous shrine in Spain, and a superb retablo carved in alabaster. The Santa Capilla is an elliptical chapel inside of the Cathedral, even as the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is within the church, with three entrances, a cupola supported by jasper pillars hung with flags and banners, captured from the Moors, and a holy image of the Virgin descending on a pillar. The Virgin and the pillar are enclosed and secluded from the public gaze, but the faithful look, and pray, and kiss through a small hole, and were standing in a long line, waiting for their turn. Within the chapel, several hundred persons, from the elegantly dressed lady to the vilest beggar, were on their knees upon the marble floor, praying and vowing to the Virgin. I have seen no more abject devotion in the Greek churches in Russia than in this and other Roman Catholic churches of Spain. This chapel is founded upon the legend that St. James, after the crucifixion, about A.D. 40, came to Spain to preach the gospel. When he was sleeping at Zaragoza, the Virgin appeared to him, standing upon a jasper pillar, and surrounded by angels. She spoke to him, and manifested a desire to have a church built on this spot. St. James at once complied with the request, and, in the little chapel which he reared, the mother of our Lord frequently attended divine service. The place has become celebrated since for the miraculous cures wrought upon the pilgrims to the shrine. Images in wax and sil-

ver, and even gold, of hearts, and legs, and arms, etc., mementos of healing, hang around the roof. Pope Innocent III. said that "God alone can count the miracles which are performed here." Fifty thousand pilgrims have been known to come here at the festival on the twelfth of October. No wonder that they come in crowds to see what Cardinal Retz says he saw in 1649 with his own eyes — nothing less than a leg, which had been cut off, grow on again while it was rubbed with oil from the lamps before the Virgin's shrine! There is a constant throng in this chapel, and its revenues must be very large.

In the Plaza San Felipe, there is a very lofty steeple, called the Torre Nueva, which is even more of a leaning tower than the Campanile at Pisa. It is octagonal in shape, and the face of the walls is of panelled brickwork. There is a clock two-thirds of the way up, and a bell upon the very top, besides those in the belfries. The leaning of the tower was no doubt caused by defects in the foundations and the absence of buttresses. On one side a pile of brickwork has been built, to prevent this steeple from settling any more. It is already far enough out of the perpendicular to give the adventurer who climbs to the top "a turn" when he first looks down into the square. Two days were more than sufficient in which to see the sights and hear the traditions and history of Zaragoza; so in the moonlight we drove to the Madrid station, and after spending the usual time in stamping tickets and weighing luggage, we were permitted to enter the train. We vainly en-

deavored to obtain a compartment to ourselves for the night; neither by purchase nor by bribe could we secure one. Chance proved a better provider than either, and we travelled all night without interruption, and also escaped the incessant tobacco smoke, which is one of the disagreeables of travelling here. We were glad to miss some of the ugliest scenery in Spain, and to see Madrid for the first time bathed in the brilliant sunshine of a clear spring morning.

VIII

ENTERING MADRID

A LITTLE PARIS — THE BEST HOTEL — WATER AND ITS USES — THE PUERTA DEL SOL — SITUATION AND CLIMATE OF THE CAPITAL — SUNDAY SERVICES

THE railway from Zaragoza lands the traveller in a low and disagreeable part of Madrid. At the time of our arrival a new station was in process of erection and the old one had been allowed to deteriorate. With deliberation and precision we were permitted to leave the railway and were placed in a long yellow omnibus, belonging to a company which seems to have a monopoly of the passenger travel. I was reminded of a certain transfer company in New York, when I found how difficult it was to "transfer." Finally, however, the luggage was discovered, the passengers paid their fare, and the six mules simultaneously kicked up their heels, jerked all our bags off the seats, and made the passengers intimately acquainted. Then they began to toil over the stones and up the hills to the hotel and finally landed us in good style at the door, where we were welcomed by a handsome English-speaking manager, whom we afterwards learned to be a native of Constantinople, able to read and write a dozen languages. Madrid is a "little Paris," without the surface refinements

which make Paris so delightful to the looker-on. There is the same sort of active life in the streets, brilliancy in the shop windows, and a vivacity which has nothing in common with the dignified Spanish character. A great number of handsome equipages promenade in the "Retiro" every afternoon, driving around and around, just as "the world" does in the Allée des Acacias in the Parisian Bois; there is a wild rush in Madrid to the bull-fights, just as Parisians rush to the races; and the crowds of handsomely dressed people and showy nurses, which one meets upon the Prado of Madrid in the fine afternoons, differ only in their faces and forms from those which throng the Champs Elysées in Paris.

The French language, too, is almost as common as Spanish, and the fashions come direct from the French capital. Only in the customs of the people is the difference manifest. The Madrileño puffs his smoke in a lady's face, and stares her out of countenance, and picks his teeth between every course at the table d'hôte, though he does not intend rudeness any more than the tobacco-chewing American does who squirts his filthy juice in cars and hotels all over the floor. We were at the Hôtel de Paris, which is the best hotel in Madrid. The food was excellent and well served; the Spanish people who ate it had the habits of animals and worse. The rooms were well furnished, but the all-pervading odor of stale tobacco and the abundance of insect life made them undesirable habitations for thin-skinned people. There are five long staircases in the hotel, and no elevator. The lower rooms are noisy and ill

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ventilated; the upper rooms are pleasant — when you get there. The house fronts the "Puerta del Sol," or Gate of the Sun, and this is the heart of Madrid. Other hotels and places of business surround the great plaza, and it is always full of people by day and by night. All the principal streets lead into the Puerta del Sol, which is about four hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. There is a fine fountain in the centre of the square, which throws its sparkling jets at least sixty feet into the air. This pure water, brought from the Guadarrama mountains, is supplied throughout the city, and is said to add much to the comfort and health of the inhabitants. The streets are constantly washed, and the roads in the Prado are always muddy, and channels are made to carry water to the roots of the trees. Comparatively few women are seen in the Puerta, but of men and animals there is no lack. Splendid horses, and equally handsome mules, herds of goats for milking, and multitudes of workmen pass through the square from early morning till midnight. Here newsboys cry their papers, in various editions, during eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; venders of lottery tickets ply their trade, and sellers of all things that can be carried on donkeys, or upon the backs of men and women, seek a market for their wares. In the sun during the winter, and in the shade during the summer, there is an ever changing but never departing assembly of loafers, with slouch hats and long cloaks thrown over one shoulder, to be found in the Puerta del Sol, who do nothing but smoke and lounge the hours away. Mingling among

them are the omnipresent beggars, who regard the stranger as their legitimate prey. On Sundays and saints' days (and it seems as if every other day were a saint's day), the shops are closed, and the people throng to the churches, to the bull-fights, to the theatres, and later on to the balls and *tertulias*, which last far into the night. Activity there is much of, but industry, which is quite another thing, seems at a discount in Spain. We were inclined to agree with a former traveller who says that one third of the people of Madrid spend their lives in carriages, one third in cafés, and the other third in begging.

The situation of Madrid, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, is in the midst of a stern and desolate landscape. From the square in front of the royal palace, the mountains of the Guadarrama chain are seen in the distance, and until the summer heats there is snow upon them. Nothing protects the city from sudden and dangerous winds, which are often fatal to those who are in delicate health. The changes of temperature are sudden and violent; the sky is overcast, a deluge of rain falls, an icy blast sweeps down from the mountains, across the treeless hills and plains, like a messenger of death; the natives wrap themselves closely in their fur-lined brown cloaks, and pull the sombrero about their ears. In another hour the sun is out with burning heat and there is not a breath of air. But the nights are always cold and the Spaniards muffle themselves up to their noses. Only the women are exposed; they wear the mantilla or go bareheaded, and seem to fear no evil.

On Sunday we searched for the English Church, and found it in the Legation, where also were schools for children and a depot for the sale of Bibles and Testaments. The congregation consisted of a dozen people besides the family of the British ambassador, but the service was well and seriously read, the singing was excellent, and the chaplain of the embassy preached a most able and philosophical sermon upon the "Freedom of the Will." Many years ago, Jonathan Edwards had settled that question for me in a New England college, and it seemed rather singular to listen to its discussion again in a stone chamber in the capital of Spain, not far from the place where the Inquisition tortured its victims for asserting the right of private judgment. Things have changed even in Spain since those days; though the cause of religious liberty moves slowly, yet it makes progress. But Romanism is nowhere so dense and dark and relentless still as in the land of Isabella the Catholic and Philip the Second.

IX

THE PALACE AND ARMORY

A ROYAL RESIDENCE — MORNING MUSIC — THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN — GUARD-MOUNTING — HORSES AND CARRIAGES — ARMOR OF KNIGHTS — SWORDS OF HEROES — THE GOOD TIME COMING

THE first place of interest in Madrid after the Prado is the royal palace. It is one of the finest in Europe, and stands upon the site of the Alcazares, which date from the eleventh century, and were destroyed by an earthquake. Another palace was built here by Henry IV., and enlarged by Charles V., whose successors, Philip II. and III., embellished and finished it in royal style. On Christmas night in 1734, fire consumed this splendid edifice, with its countless treasures, and Philip V. determined to build upon its ruins a new structure which should eclipse Versailles. It was begun in 1737, and not completed so as to be habitable till twenty-seven years had passed. It cost nearly five millions of dollars, and drew from Napoleon the remark to his brother Joseph, whom he had made king of Spain, in 1808, "My brother, you will be better lodged than I am." The building is of white marble, and forms a square of four hundred and seventy-one feet, and is one hundred feet in height, containing three stories, the lower massive and

the upper ones lighter, with Doric and Ionic columns. A wide cornice runs around the top, over which is a stone balustrade, whose pedestals are crowned with vases, in place of the heavy statues which once ornamented the railing, but were removed to the Plaza Oriente, on account of their weight. The southern façade has five noble entrances to the extensive patio or courtyard, which is one hundred and forty feet square and is surrounded by an open portico of thirty-six arches on the first story, and the same number above. The second gallery is inclosed with glass windows, and doors open from this gallery into the royal apartments and the magnificent chapel. A grand staircase of white and black marble ascends to this gallery. There are four statues of Roman emperors who were natives of Spain in the court: Trajan, Adrian, Honorius, and Theodosius. On the first floor are thirty salons, with frescoed ceilings and elegant furniture, including a multitude of clocks collected by Ferdinand VII. and Charles V. The latter monarch wittily observed that if the king could not make any two clocks go alike, it was foolish to expect that he could make men's heads think alike.

The situation of the palace is superb, dominating the town, overlooking the palace garden along the channel of the river Manzanares, which is dry for a great part of the year, and commanding a splendid distant view of the Purdo and the Guadarrama range of mountains, which are often covered with snow. We went up to this royal residence on a bright May morning to see the guard-mounting. The royal band,

one of the finest in the world, marched into the court-yard and up the marble staircase, playing martial airs, and then gave a morning concert of half an hour for the benefit of the queen regent and the little king, who were supposed to be at breakfast. A crowd of strangers and residents thronged the patio and the lower galleries. When the programme was ended, the band marched away as it had come, the squadrons of cavalry and squares of infantry manœuvred in the open space on one side of the palace, while the royal carriage stood in waiting for the morning drive of the little king. We had not long to wait. Troops were drawn up in line at the main entrance, through which the carriage passed. The queen, veiled like all high-class Spanish women, sat on the back seat, and beside her a pleasing blond boy in sailor costume. As they drove away he got up on the seat and kissed his little hand to his sister, who waved her handkerchief from one of the upper windows of the palace. It was pleasant to see this bit of home life in the centre of the magnificent display which environs the life of a king.

The stables and coach houses of the palace are situated upon its northern side, and occupy a vast space. There are many beautiful horses of rare and costly breeds and rich and rare colors, and finer mules than are to be found elsewhere. No one who has seen these tall and high-bred animals, would ever speak disrespectfully again of that neutral gender of quadrupeds, in spite of their long ears and uncomely tails. The carriages are of all sizes and shapes, gilded and bronzed, inlaid with pearls and gems, adorned with

costly painting and invested with traditions and memories which add to their interest. Among them is the carriage in which Crazy Jane, the wife of Philip I., carried about with her the body of her husband. She was mad with jealousy while he lived and would not let his corpse be buried till she could lie beside him in the grave. There are saddles here of embroidered velvet and embossed leather, chiefly in the style which we call Mexican, raised before and behind, with huge metal stirrups highly ornamented, and bridles to match. Though not equal to the Russian exhibition of equine caparisons, this Spanish horse show was a very handsome affair.

But the great museum of the place is the Armory, which is considered the finest in the world. All armories have a general resemblance; but that of Madrid, besides its size, is celebrated as containing armor and swords which belonged to many of the greatest knights and personages in history, and whose value from an artistic point is also very great. Here are the swords of the Great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordoba, of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and of Hernan Cortez. Here is the complete armor of Charles V., in which Titian painted him, and his sword brought from the monastery of Yuste after the emperor's death, a weapon which was wrought by Juan de Toledo. In one place we are shown the suit of armor which was worn by Boabdil, the last king of Granada, who surrendered the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella, and not far away the authentic armor, weighing forty-one pounds, which incased the gigantic form of Christopher Columbus, who, in

the reign of the same monarchs, "gave to Castile and Leon a new world." There are beautiful inlaid Toledo blades, helmets and shields, crowns of gold, sceptres and crosses, the iron inkstand of Charles V., and, strange to say, revolvers of Spanish workmanship, made two centuries before Colonel Colt was born, and a breech-loader which is equally ancient.

We realized, as we reviewed this great arsenal of killing implements, that man was truly "a fighting animal," and that the power of that gospel which can change such a nature and bring the precept, "Love your enemies," into practical operation, seemed, in the midst of such a museum, indeed superhuman. In spite of wars and rumors of wars, the principles of peace and brotherhood which Christ taught do make progress; the very front of war is less horrid than it used to be. The great armaments of nations and the inventions for the destruction of life are often guarantees of peace and arbitration, and we believe that the time will come when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, when men shall learn war no more, and the Prince of Peace shall rule in righteousness over a redeemed world. Some things besides wars must cease before that blessed epoch, and among them are the cruelties and barbarities of men to the lower animals, which find dreadful and degrading expression in Spain, especially in the brutal bull-fights.

X

A BULL-FIGHT IN MADRID

WHAT WAS SEEN BY THOSE WHO DID NOT GO — OUR MINISTER IN SPAIN AND HIS GOOD WORK

THERE was a great bull-fight, the first Sunday afternoon that we spent in Madrid. Of course we did not go to such a performance on Sunday. I do not think it would tempt me on any day, for I am not fond of cowardice and cruelty, which are the two prominent features of the performance. I have no special sympathy for the bull as an animal; but if I cared to see him dexterously killed, I would choose a brawny Chicago butcher, who hits the bull with his club, and kills him in a minute, in preference to the splendidly decorated iron-incased blackguards, called *picadores* and *espadas*, who worry the unfortunate animal for twenty minutes, allow him to disembowel a dozen horses, and then plunge a rapier into his heart, all for the amusement of a crowd of cowards, who, if the bull leaps the railing, as he sometimes does, run shrieking from his onset. All the advantage in the fight is on the side of the fighter; the bull is doomed from the moment that he enters the ring where mounted spearmen, and their attendant footmen, and the final slayers are leagued for his death. Sometimes a fierce bull makes havoc of the company, and

this year seven men have been killed or maimed by being thrown against the sides of the ring; but in general only horses are killed. Six bulls were killed on the Sunday we were in Madrid, and twenty horses were either killed or mangled so that they had to be shot. No man was hurt, and the immense crowd that thronged the bull-ring, to see the cowardly cruelty, had the satisfaction of a gory spectacle without a particle of danger.

It has been said that the sight of the brilliant audience crowding the benches of the Plaza de Toros attracts the English and American visitors to the bull-fight. It does, no more and no less than the audience in any theatre or circus attracts itself. The foreigners who go in Spain to a bull-fight would go in England to a prize-fight, and in America to a base-ball game; and they would go in each case to see the game more than to see the people. The Spaniards attend the bull-fight, because they are educated to enjoy it; little Spanish boys play at a game in which one of their number personates the bull, and their mothers and fathers take them when young to the bull-ring. The habits and tastes of the people must be changed before this national amusement passes away, although it is so cowardly and cruel, and so hostile to civilization and Christianity.

It has been recently said that the bull-fights were declining in interest. Of course I cannot form a comparative estimate, for I have never been in Spain before; but I will describe Madrid on the Sunday afternoon of the bull-fight, and leave the reader to imagine what the interest must have been in former

times, if this is "declining." It was a bright and dry afternoon in Madrid, and the city was full of color. Flags waved from all the public buildings and hotels, and window-sills were covered with silk and velvet hangings. The shops were closed, except the cafés and cigar stores, and a vast crowd filled the streets. Hundreds of men in the Puerta del Sol, and the streets leading from it, were hawking programmes and tickets for the bull-fight, which was to take place in the great amphitheatre about four o'clock. Carriages were to be had only at the most exorbitant rates, and vehicles of every description were in great demand. "Not going to the bull-fight?" said the maid at the hotel to a lady of our party; "why, it is the greatest thing in Spain. Do get your father to take you." All the ladies in the hotel were going, the ladies of the different embassies were to be among the spectators, the members of the Cortes and their wives, the best of the Madrileños, perhaps also the worst, were to be there. As the afternoon advanced, the city became wild with excitement. The broad avenue leading to the Plaza de Toros began to be crowded with people. Thousands were on foot; men in companies of ten and twenty, all smoking cigarettes, and working-women carrying children or baskets with food and drink, boys as numerous as though the schools had suddenly been turned loose, swarmed up the avenue. All the railway omnibuses, tramcars, carts with extempore seats and drawn by two, four, six, eight, ten, and twelve horses or mules, were packed with men as thick as they could stand, and a few women in each. Some wagons were drawn

by ponies and asses, covered with trappings and hung with bells. Hundreds of people were mounted, sometimes two or three on one horse or ass; and there were cabs with six people, and a driver sitting on the shafts or astride of the horse. This motley mass of animals was galloping and tearing along at a furious pace, drivers beating and encouraging their horses, the huge, unwieldy, and overloaded vehicles swaying dangerously from side to side, men yelling and waving canes and scarfs, women screaming with fright or excitement, and an army of mounted and armed police in uniform, successfully laboring to prevent accident and diminish danger.

Scattered through this moving mass were to be seen sometimes a long line of elegant carriages, sometimes a single superb equipage, with horses than which no finer exist in the world, and liveried servants, and gorgeously dressed ladies, beautiful to look upon, with their dark hair and eyes, and flashing jewels, and rich lace mantillas, and costly fans. Here and there was a "picador" incased in steel, which made his attitude on the horse that he rode stiff and ungainly, though over his steel he was clothed in velvet slashed with gold, and gayly trimmed leather trousers. On to the bull-fight they hurried, and rushed headlong in a wild, confused race, workmen, rowdies, ladies, horsemen, footmen, swells, noblemen and beggars, fifteen thousand people, the devil and all his host, in one grand jumble and mêlée.

For two hours Madrid seemed hushed to an unwonted quiet, the Prado was deserted, the Retiro

was like a private garden, the broad avenues slept in the sunlight, except as the hose-men were making yellow mud of the deep dust which had gathered since morning. At six o'clock the scene had changed again. The six unflinching Andalusian bulls had been harried by the "chulos" and "banderilleros" with barbed darts and explosive arrows that wounded and tortured them, till the time came for the "espada" to slay; they had been allowed to tear and gash the terrified and maddened horses till they fell, and were dragged from the arena, and now their turn had come suddenly with a stroke, and they have fallen one by one, pouring out their life-blood on the sand. While the thousands of spectators huzzaed, and the killer was idolized by the crowd, a splendid team of mules whirled the dead bulls out of the ring, and the tragedies were over for the day. The multitude returned to town — the fashionables to drive around and around for an hour in the promenade of the Retiro and then go to dinner, and the long evening of Spanish society in its "tertulias" and gayer assemblies, the lower class to gamble at dominos and cards in cafés and saloons, and the working-people to sleep in their dirty and smoke-scented dens. This is the bull-fight, as I saw it outside of the bull-ring on a Sunday in Madrid. There were others in Seville, at Cordova, and Granada while I was in Spain, but the Madrid spectacle was said to be the finest and drew the greatest crowds.

It was a pleasant contrast to go from a noisy hotel to the bright and beautiful American home of General Grubb, the successful and honored minister of

the United States at the Spanish court, and, while enjoying his elegant hospitality, to talk of mutual friends and recall memories of other days. Our country has been well represented in Spain from the time of Washington Irving onwards; and though the present minister has not devoted himself to literary work as some of his predecessors, he has shown a practical sagacity which has been mutually beneficial to Spain and the United States, has successfully engineered a valuable treaty, and maintained the embassy in a style and character eminently befitting the representative of a great country. A soldier and a patriot, beloved and honored in his own State of New Jersey, he has added laurels of peace, during his official residence in Spain, to the bays which he earned in battle for his country.

XI

SPANISH ART

EARLY PAINTERS — RIBERA AND HIS SUBJECTS — VELASQUEZ AND HIS ROYAL PATRON — MURILLO — THE GEMS OF THE MADRID GALLERY

One who travels in Spain expecting to see such displays of art as are to be found in Italy and the Low Countries is sure to be disappointed. There are multitudes of pictures in Spain, and some of the finest works of art are preserved there, along with many inferior productions. These fine paintings must be hunted out from a mass of rubbish in the cathedrals and churches of the large towns, except in Madrid, where the Royal Gallery contains an almost unequalled collection of masterpieces by painters of all schools. The earliest paintings are poor imitations of the Italian and Flemish schools, sombre in color and monotonous in treatment. They date back to the fifteenth century, and are often found in "retablos," large carved altar-pieces of wood, gilded and painted, where also interesting works of art are sometimes to be found. Rincon and his son Fernando of Salamanca, Juan de Borgogna, who decorated the walls of the chapter-house at Toledo in fresco with a "History of the Virgin," and Alonzo Berruguete, who studied under Michael Angelo,

were the earliest Spanish painters. Antonio Moro, a Dutch master, founded the Spanish school of portraiture in 1552, and there are splendid portraits by him in the Madrid gallery. Coello, whose portraits of Philip II. and Philip III. are in the same place, and Juan Pantoja de la Cour, who succeeded him as court painter, have left many specimens of portrait painting, but their pictures are poor.

There are many pictures of the sixteenth century by Luis de Morales and Juan de Juanes. The former has been called "the divine Morales," as has been wittily said, "more because he painted subjects of divinity, than from any divinity in his painting." He is remarkable chiefly for the painful nature of his pictures, which embody physical suffering and strong emotions. Juanes is called the Spanish Raphael, and by comparison with other Spaniards he may merit the designation, for his colors are brilliant, and his compositions are much more harmonious and graceful than any of his Spanish contemporaries', though far behind the great Italian's.

The next century is the period of Spanish art. José Ribera, who was born at Valencia, in 1588, was a pupil of Francisco Ribalta, became more celebrated than his master, and was known in Italy, where he studied and painted, as the "Spagnoletto" or little Spaniard. His pictures are chiefly religious, flavored with the bigotry of the times, and terrors of the Inquisition, and abound in tortures and martyrdom, and suffering saints. There is a large collection of his paintings in the Madrid gallery, among which "Jacob's Dream" and "St. Bartholomew's Martyr-

dom" are justly celebrated. He lived and died at Naples, and though Spain has the majority of his pictures no gallery in Europe is without specimens of his art. Velasquez and Murillo are the two great Spanish painters. They had contemporaries, who were lesser lights, Zurbaran, Herrera, Cano, Rodas, and others; but the judgment of time has stamped Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo as the great masters of Spanish art.

Whoever would know Velasquez and Murillo thoroughly must go to Spain to see their paintings. The Madrid gallery has forty-six Murillos, and sixty-four paintings by Velasquez. There are, besides these, fifty-eight by Ribera, threescore pictures by Rubens, more than fifty by Teniers, ten by Raphael, twenty-two by Van Dyck, forty-three by Titian, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, and numbers by other celebrated artists. The authenticity of the ascription of these paintings is undoubted, as the most important were painted by special order for the palaces of Spain, whose inventories designate them by number and description. There are more than two thousand, and they belong to the Crown of Spain. No wonder that the Madrid gallery is often considered the finest in the world, a collection of gems of art from all lands. It is also a delightful place in which to enjoy and study art: the atmosphere of Spain is dry and clear; there is always light, which adds so much to the charms of color; the picture gallery is admirably arranged, well catalogued, and never crowded. Even the untrained and purely amateur lover of art can spend the better part of a week in visiting this gallery for

a few hours each day, or if he has only a forenoon at his disposal, can be well repaid for travelling to Madrid by such a morning's treat.

I had seen every gallery in Europe except that of Madrid, and desired chiefly to see the works of Velasquez and Murillo. The former was born in Seville in 1599, and died in Madrid in 1660. His wife was the daughter of a painter, who was also a writer on art, and from his father-in-law the young man received much valuable instruction. He had a genius for painting from childhood, copying from nature and models, and in his twenty-third year came to Madrid, and was taken into the service of Philip IV., an enthusiastic lover of art, and himself a painter. He formed a friendship with Rubens, who was in Madrid as a diplomat, and studied in Italy at two different times. His "Crucifixion" is one of the most solemn and sublime conceptions that was ever placed upon canvas, and his "Surrender of Breda" has been considered "the finest representation and treatment of a contemporary historical event in the world." As a portrait painter, and in his representation of animals, he is almost without a rival; his works are equal in quality, his light and shade, gradations of tone and color, and perspective have been the admiration of artists, and his pictures are the delight of many who are able to enjoy, though not competent to criticise them. One of the most famous of his pictures is "Las Meninas." On the left of the spectator stands the painter, brush in hand. In the foreground and in the centre, the young princess, daughter of Philip IV., is being amused by her

female "meninas," or favorites. On the right are two dwarfs, worrying a beautiful old dog, who bears it patiently. In the background, a looking-glass reflects the faces of Philip IV. and his queen, who are standing for their portraits; an open door admits the light. When the picture was finished, Velasquez showed it to the king, and asked, "Is anything wanting?" "One thing only," answered Philip; and, taking the pallet from his hands, he painted on the breast of the painter in the picture the Cross of the Order of Santiago, the most distinguished in Spain.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was born in Seville in 1616. From boyhood he painted pictures, which were sold in the market-place, bought by dealers, and sent to the Spanish colonies in America. He went to Madrid and studied, and then returned to Seville, where he established himself for the rest of his life, painting with the help of his scholars a multitude of pictures for churches and convents in Spain and her colonies. French invaders and picture dealers have carried many of his pictures away; and from Russia to England, in all the great galleries, there are specimens of his work. In Madrid and Seville it is still best seen. At Madrid, in the academy of St. Fernando, are his wonderful pictures of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Relieving the Sick," and "The Patrician's Dream"; in the Royal Gallery, several of his "Conceptions," among them one very like the famous one in the Louvre at Paris, the "Holy Family," the "Adoration of the Shepherds," and other beautiful compositions. Seville contains

a choice variety of Murillo's pictures, of which I will write later on.

The pictures of Raphael in the Madrid gallery are all noteworthy. Titian is nowhere more characteristically represented, and Rubens is illustrated both in the number and style of his paintings, which are here preserved. If there were nothing else in the city worth seeing, it would well repay a journey from Paris to study and enjoy the great gallery of pictures at Madrid.

XII

TOLEDO

A MEDIÆVAL CITY — WHERE "DON QUIXOTE" WAS WRITTEN — PAST AND PRESENT — THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS GLORIES — A MIRACULOUS CHURCH — TWO ANCIENT SYNAGOGUES — JEWS AND THEIR PERSECUTIONS — THE ALCÁZAR — POLITE SOLDIERS

A FEW hours' ride from Madrid, by the Delicias line, through an unattractive country, brings one to the ancient city of Toledo. This "crown of Spain," the "light of the whole world," as it has been called in the extravagant words of patriotic writers, has a grand position upon rocky hills beside the river Tagus. The rock upon which the city stands is more than eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and the gorge through which the river foams and tears sweeps around its base, so that the main approach is by a bridge. This is the bridge of Alcantara, with gate-towers at either end, crossing the deep cavern of the Tagus upon a single broad and lofty arch, from the castle of San Servando to the steep roadway which leads to the Puerta del Sol. This way is defended by Moorish walls and towers. Few cities in Europe compare with Toledo in the magnificence of its situation. We found, as we explored it, that there were also novelties at every turn, quaint old

houses, picturesque groups of buildings, nooks and corners crammed with historical and traditional interest, the marks of Romans, Goths, Saracens, and Christians, who have in turn reigned in these lordly towers, and left each the mementos of their own occupation. We had read of its wonders, and been taught that Toledo ought still to be, as it once was, the seat of government. We found the objects of interest more than we had imagined, and at the same time decided that a town so inaccessible, so absolutely mediæval, and so out of touch with the life and spirit of the age, even in old Spain, was utterly unfitted for a modern capital, and only suited to be a repository of departed grandeur and a manufactory of that reminiscence of the past, the Toledo sword-blade.

Our entrance to the town from the railway was in a mule wagon, which was whirled over the bridge and up the steep hill to the accompaniment of oaths, which the beasts seemed to appreciate as preliminary to blows. We stopped before the magnificent gateway, the Puerta del Sol, a dignified and noble work of art formed of four different arches one behind the other, picturesquely placed at a sharp turn in the winding military road, from which there is a lovely view over the "vega," made green by the waters of the Tagus.

Through another gateway, and then through streets so narrow that it seemed quite impracticable for a wheeled vehicle to pass, we were drawn to a sort of hotel, which proved better than it looked. After lunch we sallied out, but not without a guide. He who should do so would make a serious mistake, for

TOLEDO. BRIDGE OF ALCÁNTARA

the plan of Toledo is so intricate that the most skilful traveller will soon be lost in the maze of streets which climb and twist and creep over the steep hillside. Every turn shows one that the city is very old. The houses are massive and Moorish, with long, dark entrance-passages, an outer door thickly studded with huge nails and furnished with immense knockers. The ante-room opens into a central court, over which, in hot weather, an awning could be hung. There are galleries around this court, and within there are often one or two wells. These arrangements imply defence from enemies and protection from a hot summer's sun. There is little need of the former now, but the climate is very hot, when, in July and August, the rockbound hills reflect the sun's rays back on the shadeless town. The people are said to be solid, like their houses, and to speak the purest of Castilian; for this is the city of Cervantes. His house, where he wrote "Don Quixote," is still shown, with an inscription upon it, just beyond the Zocodover, a Moorish square with balconies hanging from all the house fronts. This square has witnessed many martyrdoms in those good old times, when heretics and Jews and Bibles were burned by the Roman Catholic Church, as the best way of getting rid of disturbers of the peace.

The impression which Toledo first makes is sad and solemn, and this is not removed by a longer visit. Much remains to attest its greatness and glory, but one constantly feels that more is gone. Foreign foes and domestic spoilers have impoverished the once imperial city. There were here,

besides the Cathedral, one hundred and ten churches; now there are fifty-nine. Most of the closed churches are in ruins, and out of thirty-four hospitals only two remain. Tourists come to see the famous place, antiquaries to prowl among its ancient monuments and shrines; painters and poets find here rich material for their arts, and the architect suggestions for his modern designs. But "here," it has been poetically written, "the voice of the Goth echoes amid Roman ruins, and the step of the Christian treads on the heel of the Moor; here are palaces without nobles, churches without congregations, walks without people."

The great sight of Toledo is the Cathedral. We could not find any point from which to obtain a satisfactory view of the outside, for a network of winding lanes surrounds the building. The steeple is a great square tower, rising in this shape for one hundred and seventy feet from the ground, then changing into an octagon with bold turrets and pinnacles, and above this a short spire with three rows of metal rays encircling it. The entire height is three hundred and twenty-five feet. The interior is grand and beautiful. The ground plan is upon an enormous scale, being exceeded by the cathedrals of Milan and Seville; but the area, covered by cloisters, chapels, and other buildings, is greatly in excess of Milan, which has none of these accessories. The width is one hundred and seventy-eight feet, the length three hundred and ninety-five feet, and the nave is fifty feet wide. There are four aisles, exclusive of chapels between the buttresses.

The Cathedral is built upon the site of one which existed before the capture of the city by the Moors. Indeed, tradition records that the first Cathedral was built here during the lifetime of the Virgin! The Moors made it a mosque, and when they were conquered in turn, the Christians violated the promise of their king, Alonzo VI., that the Moors should retain it, and they reconsecrated it as a cathedral. The king came back to Toledo in great wrath, determined to burn both queen and bishop who had broken his royal oath for him, and riding into the city met a crowd of Moors. He cried out to them that no injury had been done to them, but only to him, who had solemnly given his oath that their mosque should be preserved to them. They, however, prudently begged him to let them release him from his oath, "whereat," says the chronicler, "he had great joy, and riding on into the city the matter ended peacefully."

The new building was begun in 1227, when King Don Fernando III. laid the foundation stones; and from that time to the seventeenth century additions and alterations were constant. Street is sure that the architect was a Frenchman, or a Spaniard educated in France, because the church is thoroughly French in plan and details, until a considerable height is reached. Indeed, the whole work is a protest against Mohammedan architecture and a distinctively Christian structure, purer, truer, more lovely, and more symbolical than any Moorish building. The interior is very impressive and picturesque, divided into a nave and four aisles, with a

roof at the height of more than one hundred feet, composed of seventy-two vaults resting upon eighty-eight piers. These piers resolve themselves into groups of shafts, some of which receive the arches half-way, while others continue to rise and bend, with the graceful curve of a palm, till they reach and support the groined roof of the nave. Between these rows of arches, seven hundred and fifty stained windows shine with translucent brightness. The choir is filled with superb carved work, divided by jasper pillars, and around the altar are glorious tombs of Cardinal Mendoza and some of the earlier kings. The freshness and beauty of the coloring, the mysterious light falling through colored glass from many windows, broken into a thousand blue, yellow, and roseate rays, like rainbow arches, and the clear tone of the stone delight the eye and gratify the taste. The aisles wind with a beautiful sweep around the apse and afford a charming perspective; two splendid rose windows light the transepts, and there breathes throughout the building a spirit of grandeur and majestic repose most fitting to a noble sanctuary. Contrary to our usual experience, also, our meditations were undisturbed by intrusive guides, or more intrusive beggars, and we could enjoy the grand temple with that solemn and serene joy which fills the soul when contemplating a glorious creation. The choir is rich in marbles as well as in carvings. The chapels within the Cathedral are as large as many churches, the high chapel being fifty-six feet long, forty-five feet wide, and one hundred and sixteen feet high, its form being like the Cathedral itself. It is

gorgeously decorated, paved in mosaic, and filled with fine sculptures. There are many others almost equal in grandeur and beauty; but one, from its history, deserves especial mention.

The Muzarabic chapel, or chapel of the Arab imitators, is built under the tower of the church. It has a curious history. When the Moors invaded Spain, they met with a gallant resistance at Toledo, and were glad to grant the conquered heroes liberal terms of capitulation. Among the stipulations was one that five churches should be allowed them in which the worship of the Christians should be freely maintained. The ritual of these churches consisted of the Lord's Prayer and the words of our Lord at the Last Supper. A few prayers from St. James were added. In 633 this ritual was modified in a new version, which was condemned by the fourth Council of Toledo. But it was preserved by the Christians, and retained in the churches of Toledo. It is simple and earnest and free from the Romish doctrine of auricular confession. Some of the prayers and collects were adopted in the English liturgy, and are to be found in the Prayer Book. This ritual is still used in the Muzarabic chapel every morning.

It was in the reign of Alonzo VI., when the power of the Christians was re-established in Spain, that the legate of the Pope endeavored to substitute the Gregorian for the Muzarabic ritual, his demands being supported by the king and queen. The clergy of Toledo were so intense in their opposition to the change that the king became alarmed, and proposed to settle the matter by a solemn appeal to Heaven.

After a general fast, with prayers in all the churches, a great bonfire was built in the Zocodover, and copies of the Roman and Muzarabic rituals were placed upon the pile. It was agreed that the copy which escaped the flames should be recognized as divine. It was a windy day, and the Roman Prayer Book was caught up by the wind and blown away, while the other breviary remained unconsumed in the midst of the flames. Both parties claimed the victory, but the friends of the old ritual were victorious, and it was continued. In 1512, Cardinal Ximenés instituted a special order of priests to maintain this service, and built the chapel where it is still performed. A printed copy, one of the first ever made, is still preserved here. The walls of the chapel are covered with frescos, one of which represents a battle between the Moors and the soldiers of Toledo. It is of great historical interest, for the original city with its walls and houses, the warriors in their dress and the weapons which they use, are exactly pictured, so that one can read from the fresco an accurate description of the times. There are two other frescos in which the fleet which brings the Arabs into Spain is represented in the same detailed method. From this chapel we went into the robing-room and saw a collection of church vestments which exceeded anything I had ever seen outside of Rome. Not even the gorgeous sacristies of Russia contained finer specimens of needlework and embroidery. These robes and insignia are kept in immense drawers placed one above the other, and in closets with swinging arms on which the robes hang, and in cases in

which they stand like ecclesiastical armor. As one after another of these treasuries was opened, the ladies of the party became more and more excited, and we deemed it prudent to give the enthusiastic priest his fee and retire, before the extended magnificence of the show should have exhausted the superlatives of the English language, and reduced the feminine visitors to the condition of the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon.

There are fourteen chapels in the Toledo Cathedral, besides the two which I have already mentioned; some of them are very elaborate and beautiful, others have great historical interest. One of the earliest is that of San Ildefonso, founded by Archbishop Rodrigo. The saint was born in Toledo, and was a famous controversialist and a special advocate of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which was proclaimed twelve centuries later, as a universal dogma, by Pius IX., in 1854. Tradition informs us that the Virgin, in gratitude to St. Ildefonso, once came down from heaven and sat in the saint's seat in the cathedral, and at another time she descended in the same place and put the cassock on the saint's shoulders. Of course this holy garment has been preserved, like the coat of Treves.

The chapel of Santiago is near by, one of the finest in the Cathedral, an octagon building of stone, with doors, roofs, walls, and pillars elegantly wrought and carved. Outside it looks like a castle. Within are the magnificent tombs of Don Alvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago and Constable of Castile, and his wife. At his feet is his helmet, crowned with

ivy and laurel; and beside this kneels the figure of a page who attended him to the scaffold at Valladolid, where, after thirty-five years of faithful service to his king, he was executed for treason, his last words being, "This is the reward of devoted service to my king." He had built a mausoleum to himself, and arranged his effigy so that when mass was said the figure rose and remained kneeling till the service was ended, when it lay down again. This was removed by Isabella as profane, and the present tomb was built by his daughter. These tales are told by the cicerone to the traveller who admires the white marble tombs of Alvaro and his wife, but knows nothing more about a man of whom Pius II. said, "He was a man of lofty mind, as great in war as he was in peace, and whose soul breathed none but noble thoughts."

Each chapel has its historic tombs, but we cannot even mention all. The chapel of the Virgin of the Rock is placed upon the very spot where the Virgin stepped when she called on St. Ildefonso, embracing her own statue on the way. The stone of red jasper on which she stood is religiously kissed by multitudes of the faithful. The wardrobe of the Virgin is a sight indeed. Her festive mantle is wrought of silver and gold cloth, and embroidered with seventy-eight thousand pearls, besides multitudes of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. She has many other robes of various colors and rich patterns of embroidery, which have been given by kings and queens, popes, archbishops, and female devotees. Her crown, without its jewels, cost twenty-five thou-

sand dollars, and she has bracelets and brooches innumerable and of countless value. The worship of the Virgin in Spain is like that paid to a divine queen, and assumes a most practical character. She has always a royal crown, a household formed of the greatest ladies of the land, who provide for her wardrobe and altars, her fêtes and processions, and she has considerable landed estates, from which a sacred revenue is derived.

In the chapter-house are portraits of eighty archbishops of Toledo, including those of Cardinals Mendoza and Ximenés. We were disposed to agree with O'Shea, who is often extravagant in his eulogies of Spanish architecture, that "on the whole, this superb structure stands unrivalled in many points, and is one of the finest and largest cathedrals in the world." Its associations with the early times and latter days of the Gothic empire, its celebrated councils, the great monarchs who were crowned here, the heroes who enriched its altars with the spoils of victory, and the master minds of generations of races in politics, and arts, and letters, render it as important as St. Peter's, and more worthy than the Pantheon of Byron's noble lines: —

> "— thou of temples old or altars new
> Standest alone — with nothing like to thee —
> Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook His former city, what could be
> Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty — all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Leaving the Cathedral, we went to the Convent of San Juan de los Reyes, which was in process of restoration. The cloisters here are very beautiful, and the ancient capitals, carved in foliage, birds, and animals, have been saved from a general ruin. From the walls hang long iron chains, that were taken from the Christian prisoners after the conquest of Granada, and there are bas-reliefs of shields of Castile, eagles, and emblematical inscriptions. The cloister, which was full of workmen and their materials, has a multitude of slender and lovely columns, whose capitals are delicately carved, and everywhere grace and lavish ornament are combined with majesty and strength.

Behind the Puerta del Sol stands a Moorish mosque, now called the Church of El Cristo de la Luz (Christ of the Light). The name is accounted for by the legend that one day, when the Cid was riding by on his faithful mare, Bavieca, she suddenly fell upon her knees, and remained in this reverential posture. It at once occurred to the pious rider that his worshipful steed had a sacred reason for kneeling. A modern rider whose horse fell on its knees in the steep and slippery street of Toledo, would never have imagined it a miracle or an omen. But the Cid had the wall opened, opposite the place where Bavieca tumbled down, and, lo, an image of Christ in a niche which had been closed up, and before the image a lighted lamp which had been burning for several centuries! The chapel built there is only twenty-two feet square, but it is a little gem, formed into six narrow aisles which cross each other and thus

make nine vaulted ceilings, which are so strangely interarched that the effect is very beautiful. Santa Maria la Blanca and El Transito were once noble synagogues. The ceiling of the former was made from cedar of Lebanon, and the ground on which it stood had been covered with earth brought from Palestine. The entrance is through a little garden, and upon opening a door one comes at once upon five long and narrow aisles, with eight-sided pillars upholding Moorish arches. Everything is glaring with whitewash, and much imagination is needed to change the building into one of the richest of Hebrew temples, and repeople it with wealthy and powerful Jews. This is all the more difficult when one learns that it has been successively used as a mosque, a church, a Magdalen asylum, a barrack for troops, a military storehouse, and a dancing-hall.

El Transito is much finer. It was built by Samuel Levi, the treasurer of Pedro the Cruel, and finished in 1366. At the expulsion of the Jews, the Catholic kings gave it to the Order of Calatrava. It is built of brick, but richly decorated within, after the style of the Alhambra. There are Hebrew letters still to be deciphered upon the walls and richly carved pillars, and it has a wonderful cedar ceiling of Moorish *artesinado* work. This name comes from *artesa*, a kneading-trough, and this carved ceiling is in the shape of an inverted trough. This interior would be a fine model for a public hall or senate chamber, and its ceiling would be rich enough for any palace.

All around these ancient synagogues are the nar-

row streets inhabited by Israelites. Their houses are small, but cleaner than anywhere else in Spain. Their history in Toledo has been a sad one. They lived there in great security and prosperity during the reign of the Moors, but when the Christians took the city their tribulations began. They were taxed at thirty pieces of silver a head, that being the wages of the traitor, Judas Iscariot. They only saved their synagogues by a curious affirmation. They declared that their ancestors had not consented to the death of Jesus Christ. When he was brought to the council over which Caiaphas presided, the votes were taken by tribes, whether Christ should be released or put to death. One tribe voted for his acquittal, and from them the Jews of Toledo have descended. This Jewish claim, with a Latin translation of the Hebrew text, is preserved in the archives of the Vatican. But their memorial did not save the Toledan Jews from persecution.

In 1389, their market, which was near the Cathedral, was suppressed; in 1454, at the instigation of San Vicente Ferrer, Santa Maria la Blanca, their synagogue, was taken from them; in 1490, the Christians, plotting the further oppression and robbery of the Jews, circulated a story that Juan Pasamonte, a boy of Guardia, had been stolen, crucified, and his heart preserved as a charm against the Inquisition. In 1478, every Jew who would not be baptized was put under the ban; and when the Inquisition was established at Toledo, seventeen thousand Jews became good Catholics at a stroke. In 1492, every unbaptized Jew was compelled by Ferdinand and Isabella to quit Spain, and more than 170,000 were

cruelly expelled, choosing banishment and the loss of all things rather than to become false to their faith. Persecution by the government is ended in Spain, and Jews may worship when and as they choose, but they thrive most in half-civilized and degraded countries or in dense communities, where their avarice, shrewdness, and devious ways can be concealed; and hence free Spain is not half so Jewish as persecuting, intolerant, and ignorant Spain was. Perhaps the time may come when the great empire of the North will become so civilized that the Jew will find no more the opportunities for making ignorant peasants unwilling contributors to his wealth, and when the banishment of Israelites will be unknown in any nation.

Travellers and guide-books give much space to the Alcázar, once the palace and fortress of the city which it defended and adorned. Wars, and neglect, and several conflagrations, the last in 1886, have left little of the Alcázar but four walls and the ruined towers at the corners. From one of these, there is a fine panorama of Toledo, — the Tagus, the groves of trees, the green vega, and, in the distance, hills and mountains far as the eye can reach.

We drove outside the town for a couple of hours, and then took a late train to Madrid. The train was full of soldiers, and we had three generals in our carriage. They were very polite, offering us sweetmeats and cakes, and they occupied a large part of the journey in comparing swords and spurs and their other military equipments. We were not sorry to come back for a little while from the solemn stillness and sombre interiors of Toledo to the life and gayety of the Spanish capital.

XIII

THE ESCORIAL

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD — ITS AUTHOR AND OBJECT — VAST PROPORTIONS AND MASSIVE STRUCTURES — THE CHURCH AND ITS WONDERS — TOMBS OF KINGS — THE ROYAL LIBRARY — VANITY OF VANITIES

A COLD and gloomy day, which settled into a downpour of rain from black and flying clouds, found us on the way to the Escorial. It was the only rainy day that we had during our Spanish journey, and it harmonized with the excursion and with the scenery. The ride from Madrid grew more and more sombre and desolate as we advanced, till at last we halted at the village of Escorial on the wild, rocky, pine-clad slope of the Guadarrama, and looked up at the stupendous edifice of gray granite, formed into a palace, a church, and a convent, which Spaniards reckon as the eighth wonder of the world. The rain came down in torrents as we drove up to the Hotel Miranda, opposite the entrance to the vast pile; but we were soon dry, and ready to enter the monastery.

I have no sympathy with that criticism, whether æsthetic or architectural, which despises and ridicules this great work of Philip II. Its vastness bewilders the ordinary mind; its solemn and awful

THE ESCORIAL.

character, unrelieved by any brightness or graceful features, oppresses the soul. One longs for color, for music, for a crowd, or even a sacred pageant, to mitigate the stern and severe impression which is felt at the first glance at the Escorial, and which deepens with every look into its immense interiors.

Philip II. built his own character into this structure. He had architects, indeed; but Philip was his own designer, a man of great artistic taste, and a liberal patron of artists, of indomitable will and dense superstition. His morbid devotion was akin to insanity, and the passion for seclusion which haunted him showed the same tendency. He was the proudest among kings, and the most bigoted among devotees; what wonder, then, that he should build a convent for a palace, and make its costliest room a sepulchre? The Escorial was built in fulfilment of a vow made by Philip to his patron saint, St. Laurence, after the victory of St. Quentin, in August, 1557, and in compliance with the request of Charles V. that Philip would build a mausoleum for him and his descendants. The systematic and austere monarch did nothing hastily or without due order and plan. One can read his reasons for founding the Escorial in a document, written and signed by the monarch, which runs thus, "In acknowledgment of the many and great blessings which it has pleased God to heap on us and continue to us daily, and inasmuch as he has been pleased to direct and guide our deeds and acts to his holy service, and in maintenance and defence of his holy faith and religion, and of justice and peace within our realms; considering

likewise what the emperor and king, my lord and father, in a codicil which he lately made, committed to our care, and charged us with, respecting his tomb, the spot and place where his body, and that of the empress and queen, my lady and mother, should be placed, it being most just and meet that their bodies should be most duly honored with a befitting burial ground . . . and because we have, besides, determined that whenever it may please God to take us away to him, our body should rest in the same place and spot near theirs, . . . for all these reasons we found and erect the Monastery of San Lorenzo el Real, near the town of El Escorial, in the diocese of Toledo," and so on.

The building was begun in 1565, and finished in 1584, at a cost of three and a quarter millions of dollars. It covers a surface of 500,000 feet, is 744 feet long, and 580 wide, divided into 16 courts or quadrangles. There are eight massive towers at the angles, about two hundred feet high, a church in the centre, 320 feet long, 230 feet wide, and 320 high, where the cupola crowns the whole structure. There are 88 fountains, 86 staircases, 15 cloisters, 12,000 doors, 2600 windows, more than half a mile of fresco painting, and miles of corridors and passages. These figures are extremely prosaic, but they give the idea of vastness and massive grandeur even better than the photograph which I brought from the place.

It has been said so often that the architect was obliged to build this structure in the form of a gridiron, because it was dedicated to St. Laurence, that

most people believe it to be true. Arrogant assertion, or equally arrogant denial, passes current with a majority of mankind, who have neither time nor inclination to investigate. There is no evidence that the architects, either Juan Bautista de Toledo or his successor, Juan de Herrera, ever had any such instructions, or entertained any such idea. Any building in the form of a parallelogram with a portico might be called a gridiron, especially if it had St. Laurence to back it.

The main interest of the Escorial is historical and personal. Its immense Church, in the form of a Greek cross, contains numerous chapels, of which the finest is the High chapel, which is built directly over the tomb of the kings. Philip desired the altar of the chapel to be placed directly above this vaulted tomb, so that mass should be said daily over the bodies of the kings. This altar is made of precious stones, and one slab of jasper forms the top. The whole interior is impressive and elaborate, but its solemnity does not invite to worship. On either side of the high altar are little oratories, low rooms of marble, for the use of royal persons in their attendance upon mass. The one on the left, as you look from the altar, was used by Philip II., and this communicates with the little suite of rooms which he inhabited, and where he died after weeks of agony, in misery and filth. The dreadful details of his illness and death have been given by Siguenza, and commented upon by many historians and biographers.

The choir at the entrance of the Church has two

rows of elegant stalls made out of ebony and cedar and other choice woods, well carved, and its library contains enormous choral books, some of which have leaves of parchment two yards wide, each leaf taking the whole skin of a calf. Some of the books are beautifully illuminated, and bear marks of frequent use. The gem of the choir is a marble crucifix, carved by Benvenuto Cellini, the great Florentine, for the Duke of Tuscany, who gave it to Philip. From the church we descended to the Panteon, the steps and walls of which, as well as the tombs, are of precious marbles. In an octagonal marble chamber are twenty-six sarcophagi, placed one above the other, around the walls, upon each side of the jasper altar. These contain the remains of kings and mothers of kings, the kings on the right and their consorts on the left of the altar. Charles V. occupies an upper sarcophagus, and Philip I. lies in a coffin of gilt bronze in the one below. It is said that Maria Louisa, his wife, scratched her name with a pair of scissors upon her future resting-place. In a separate chamber lie the royal infants and princes, and queens whose sons did not occupy the throne. It is a wonderful sepulchre, whose like is not to be seen elsewhere; but it seemed pagan and repulsive, in spite of the many pious and Christian inscriptions upon the marble tombs. Compared with the catacombs at Rome, whose rude and simply symbols tell of pure and deep piety, or with many a resting-place in Continental or English cathedrais, this Panteon seemed a charnel-house, gloomy and depressing, with nothing to lift the soul out of the dreariness and emptiness

of death. We were glad to climb the polished steps, and follow our guide through the more cheerful and handsomely furnished rooms of the palace, looking at elegant tapestries and fine furniture, and thence into the library, to dissipate the impression. The library is an arched room nearly two hundred feet long and thirty-two feet wide, paved with marble, with carved cases for books, and tables of marble and porphyry for the use of readers. The ceilings are frescoed, and portraits adorn the walls. All the books have their edges turned outwards, which renders it impossible to tell their contents. On each table are some fine illuminated manuscripts, and there are a variety of rare and beautiful works in Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic on exhibition.

As the rain had ceased, we were glad to leave the interior of the monastery and go out upon the platforms and terraces which overlook gardens and orchards and fish-ponds, pleasing features in the midst of melancholy wastes. The distant view was dreary; and, in the village below, the railway buildings were prominent, with their nineteenth century excitements, out of harmony with all the other surroundings. We walked away to the village promenade, now quite deserted, and, sitting down, gazed over the severe landscape, and meditated upon the life of the man who for threescore years stifled all generous emotions, gave up to bigotry and superstition a powerful mind and great opportunities, wasted the resources of his country in worse than useless wars and persecutions, and left this vast and useless pile as a monument and a warning.

XIV

FROM MADRID TO CORDOVA

A NIGHT JOURNEY — LA MANCHA — THE WINDMILLS OF DON QUIXOTE — SCENERY OF THE SIERRA MORENA — ANDALUSIA — ENTERING CORDOVA

THE journey from Madrid to Cordova is usually taken in the night, because the express trains run only at that time. For a considerable part of the way, the country is so uninteresting that it is as well to pass over it in darkness as by daylight. The scene at the Madrid railway station was, on a small scale, like that on the departure of an ocean steamer from a New York pier. Friends, with huge bouquets of flowers, thronged the platforms, and laughter and tears accompanied the incessant chattering of the travellers with those who had come to wish them a pleasant journey. There was but one sleeping-carriage, and as all its places were engaged, it was a matter of interest to know who were to be our companions. Two gentlemen, with a quantity of hand luggage, entered the compartment shortly before the train started, and, after establishing themselves, began to converse in Spanish, from which they gradually glided into French. After we had talked some time together, we discovered that our fellow-travellers were Englishmen, who had lived in the United

States, and that we had many mutual friends. They were bound to Ronda, where they had interests in a railroad which is to connect Bobadilla and Algeciras and open some valuable mining properties to the market. A large part of the Spanish mines are superintended by English and American engineers and worked by means of foreign capital. Sometimes the Spanish owners of property throw every hindrance and obstacle in the way of new methods of work or transportation, even as we have seen opposition to steam vessels and railroads in our own country. All progress is by no means improvement, but this is a poor age for the conservative almost anywhere except in Spain.

The railroad crosses the broad plains of La Mancha, celebrated as the scene of Don Quixote's adventures. The windmills still stand and grind the corn on these treeless hills, which seem to roll in swelling outline to the horizon. In the moonlight, as we rode along, we could imagine the mad knight on his raw-boned steed, charging upon these broad-armed foes, and coming to grief, as many do who fight the wind or "beat the air." The night was mild, and flocks of sheep could be seen in the fresh pastures, tended by shepherds. As we went further south, we passed the town of Val de Peñas, which gives name to one of the best of Spanish wines, the common wine of this whole region. It is of a dark, rich color, with more body and sweetness than claret. The people mix it with water, but they rarely drink too much of it. Indeed, in all our travels in Spain, we saw no Spaniards intoxicated; and we often saw them buying

water at the railway stations to drink by itself or mix with wine.

Early in the morning we crossed the Sierra Morena range of mountains. The scenery is wild and grand. This range of mountains divides the valley of the Guadalquivir from that of the Guadiana. The road is a fine specimen of engineering, often climbing along a narrow shelf of rock between precipitous mountains, winding in and out among the most rugged and fantastic cliffs, caverns, and precipices. Onward and upward we climbed, and daylight showed us a far-extending view from the top of the range, over the beautiful Andalusia. Olive groves and orange orchards, and cork-trees, and vineyards, and fields full of poppies and daisies, and multitudes of other brilliant flowers gave color to the landscape. Great aloes with their long spikes guarded the roads, and plantations of roses filled the air with fragrance. The distant country had the delicate grayish blue tint which fills our American atmosphere in August, and on the horizon rose in dim outline the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada. The change from the red-brown, treeless regions of Aragon and Castile to this earthly paradise of Andalusia was delightful. The towns seemed buried in foliage, the air was full of perfume, the birds were singing, and all nature was beautiful in spring attire. Under such pleasant impressions, in the bright and dewy morning we alighted from the train at a railway station in a garden, where we gathered a handful of roses before the deliberate porter had found our luggage and brought it to the carriage.

We were at Cordova. Outside of the town, along the Alameda, a few men were preparing for a fête by erecting booths and frames for fireworks; and here and there a woman and child might be seen, returning from market with a jar of milk or a few vegetables. But there was a great stillness over all things. We drove through well paved and clean streets, which were very narrow with white houses on each side, to the Fonda Suiza, a good hotel, in whose little courtyard a blindfold donkey goes round and round ten hours each day, turning an Oriental "sakia," or water-wheel, to supply the inn with water. As we passed through the town, we caught many a glimpse through the gateways of a marble *patio*, or central courtyard, with palms and orange-trees and bowers of roses. Around these courtyards there are galleries upon which the rooms open, and over them are drawn, in the heats of summer, brown linen shades, which exclude the powerful rays of the sun. In the centre of many of these courts there are fountains; and the murmur of the water, the hum of insect life, the voice of a bird, and in the evening the music of a guitar are the sounds which chiefly break the stillness of the place. When the infrequent railway trains come to the far-off station, a clattering stage goes through the streets; but few wheeled vehicles disturb the pavements worn by the feet of horses and mules and asses, which do the transportation of man and merchandise upon their backs.

How different is the Cordova of to-day from that place of which history tells us, and which still has some memorials of its greatness! Once this was a

large city, a centre of European civilization, a second Mecca to the Mohammedan, and the rival of Oriental capitals. Here the arts flourished, and hither flocked multitudes of students. The city was great before the Christian era, and when it became the Moorish capital it was unrivalled in its splendor.

It is recorded that, under the Moorish princes in the tenth century, the city and its suburbs contained 300,000 inhabitants, mosques to the number of 600, 800 schools, 50 hospitals, 900 baths, a library of more than half a million of volumes, and an annual revenue of $30,000,000. In 1235, Ferdinand took the city, and the reign of the Moors was over. Discord and faction had prepared the way for conquest and decline. From the entrance of Ferdinand, the prosperity of Cordova deserted it; the population dwindled from hundreds of thousands to seventy thousand, in the seventeenth century, and it is now said to be less than forty thousand. Even such a number seems like exaggeration to the traveller who walks through the quiet streets, often without meeting a soul, and finds in the market-place only a few hundreds of people at the most important hours of traffic in the early morning, a few beggars basking in the sun, or some dirty children making their way to the ancient mosque.

It is at once a rest and an annoyance for an American to travel in Spain and come to such a city as Cordova. The stillness and solemnity of the place are good for tired nerves and weary brains, which have been excited and worn in the atmosphere and action of American life; but there is also a reaction

from the enforced slowness and moderation which characterize everything here. But it is of no use to fret and fume, to attempt to introduce Chicago manners into Cordova, to criticise customs that have existed for half a thousand years, in the hope of changing them, or to make oneself miserable because Cordova is so dead, when Théophile Gautier said fifty years ago that it was a "bleached and calcined skeleton!"

We will go and see the Roman Bridge and the ruins of the only bath left of the nine hundred in which Cordovans used to wash, and then we will visit the wonderful Mosque.

XV

THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA

MECCA OF THE WEST — A MARBLE FOREST — THE COURT OF ORANGES — THE HOLY OF HOLIES — AN IVORY PULPIT

It matters not whether the traveller come from Madrid or Granada, from Valencia or Seville, the Cathedral or Mosque of Cordova will be a surprise to him. It has been described a hundred times, and pictures and views have made it, in a certain sense, familiar; but its originality and beauty are not fully understood until it is seen. It is recognized as the most perfect specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Moors in Spain and the most complete mosque in Europe. It was designed by Abdurrahman to rival the Mosque of Bagdad, and to become a resort for Mohammedan pilgrims equal to the Kaaba of Mecca.

The caliph drew the plans, consecrated his revenues, and worked himself upon the building. The building was begun in 786, and progressed so rapidly that in ten years it was substantially completed by Hashem, the son of its founder. As first built it consisted of eleven aisles, six hundred and forty-two feet in length and nearly three hundred feet in width. Hashem II. added eight more, which in-

CORDOVA—INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE

creased the width to four hundred and sixty-two feet.

We entered the low door, and at once the wonders of the place were before us. Nearly a thousand pillars, supporting horseshoe arches, formed aisles and vistas in every direction. Six hundred and forty-two feet in front of us and more than two hundred on the right hand and on the left did this "forest of pillars," as Gautier called them, rise. The first view was bewildering. It seemed as if one might wander "in endless mazes lost" through the vast building. We were glad to stop and examine one column which, when rubbed, gave forth a sulphurous smell, and to have attention directed to another, which bore marks and indentations which were said to have been made by prisoners of the Inquisition, though it was not quite clear to us how the prisoners and this pillar came together. I have said that there were nearly a thousand columns; to be more exact, there were originally twelve hundred columns. Of these, two hundred, more or less, have been taken away; and there are now eight hundred and fifty, upon which the roof rests, and a large number which have been built into the walls. We saw the rounded parts of some of these, where the plaster and whitewash had been scraped away. These columns are each of one block, and some of them are of rich and rare stone. The majority were probably quarried not far from Cordova, though tradition declares that they were the spoil of Roman temples, Oriental mosques, and other buildings far and near.

A wonderful variety of perspectives is produced by

the intersection of the aisles and the horseshoe arches, which are so curiously interwoven as to make an elaborate and beautiful open-work support to the roof. This roof is but thirty-five feet high; and hence the impression of the vastness of the building is due, not to its grandeur or massiveness, but to its extent and the originality of its construction.

We went again and again to the Mosque and spent hours among its columns, delighting our eyes with new vistas, and fresh effects of sunbeams that slanted through the arches, and shadows that dwelt in the chapels and angles of the sanctuary. The chief entrance is through the Puerta del Perdon, Gate of Pardon, the largest and most beautiful of the gateways, and the only one on the northern side which has not been walled up. The walls which enclose the Mosque are from thirty to sixty feet high and six feet thick, and are strengthened by square buttress-towers. Doors plated with bronze and covered with Gothic and Arabic inscriptions close the arch of the Puerta del Perdon. They are sometimes open, and we went in and out through the arch; but the usual entrance is through a narrow passage on the right. This gate leads directly into the Court of Oranges, a patio half as large as Madison Square in New York, divided into three parts, with a fountain and a number of orange-trees in each. There are colonnades of marble pillars around this court, and there are always a number of idlers, women and children, and men who ask to be employed as guides, lounging under the orange-trees.

Entering from the north and going straight on, we

came to the choir and the large chapel, which was built within the Mosque in the time of Charles V., from 1521 to 1526. The erection of these made it necessary to remove those portions of the Mosque which occupied the ground, and thus the original beauty of the building was sadly marred. When the monarch, who had given permission to erect these structures, came to Cordova in 1526 and saw the havoc which had been made, he was very indignant, and is said to have exclaimed: "Had I known that the ancient part of the Mosque was to be touched, I would never have allowed it. You have built here what can be built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

From the choir we walked onward to the ancient Maksura, said to be the sultan's place of prayer upon Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. This is now the chapel Villaviciosa, and is used as a robing-room. In Moorish times, the gold and silver vessels used at the Bairam feast were kept here, with a fine copy of the Koran, so large that it took two men to carry it, so says the historian Edrîsî, who described it in the twelfth century. The original Moorish arches are visible here, but most of the decoration *is* of a later period.

Beyond the Maksura, southwards, is the Holy of Holies, called Mihrab, a six-sided chapel, about thirteen feet in diameter and thirty feet high. Its archway is studded with mosaics as beautiful as anything in St. Sophia. The walls are of marble, and the roof is a marble shell, carved from a single piece; beneath it runs a beautiful arcade, with little brown

columns, whose carved capitals are richly gilded. In this sanctuary was once the pulpit of Al Hakem II., made of ivory and choice woods, inlaid with precious stones, and fastened with gold and silver nails. Its value was reckoned at millions of dollars. In the pulpit was kept the copy of the Koran written by the Caliph Othman, and dyed with his blood. The book was placed upon a reading-desk of aloe, in a box covered with cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls and jewels; and at the hour of Azalàh it was opened and read by the Imaum. As the pulpit, and book, and lectern of aloe have all vanished, it may be that their value has been growing during the centuries; but incredulity and criticism spoil the pleasure of travel, and so we took the stories as they were given, and only repeat what we have heard. Certainly this Mihrab was the most sacred place, here the Spirit of God was believed to rest, and around this chapel, as at the Kaaba of Mecca, the pilgrims made sevenfold processions on their knees.

It was in 1238 that the Christians took formal possession of the Mosque and built their gloomy chapels in the side aisles. Neglect and whitewash have injured the building, but it is still beautiful, unique, and worth much toil and travel to behold. Some attempts at restoration on the side towards the sanctuary are an encouraging sign in a country where so many monuments of the past have been allowed to decay. Of the church in the centre of the Mosque, the less that is said the better. Its richness and beauty, the magnificence of the high altar and the choir, which compare favorably with any in Spanish

cathedrals, only make the outrage which has been committed upon the ancient building more evident. We looked upon all this intrusive grandeur and lavish display with indignation against the Catholic builders and sorrow for the despoiled and injured Moors.

Not far from the Mosque is the picturesque bridge of sixteen arches which crosses the Guadalquivir, said to have been built by Octavius Cæsar, but really built by the caliphs of Cordova, upon the ruins of the old one. It has a huge Moorish gateway through a tower which once was joined to the walls of the city and formed a part of its defences. Here we saw more people than we had seen in the whole town; for there were many gayly dressed peasants coming in from the country with loaded beasts, and an equal stream of mules and their drivers was flowing out. The temporary confusion, with its accompanying noise and gesticulations, varied by supplications from a variety of beggars in snuff-colored, ragged cloaks, gave a greater animation to the scene than we had thus far observed in Cordova.

XVI

CORDOVA TO SEVILLE

A MODERN MOORISH VILLA — GARDENS AND GROVES — ON THE ROAD TO SEVILLE — A LOVELY CITY — THE BEST HOTEL IN SPAIN — GENERAL IMPRESSIONS — SIGHTS AND SCENES — HOTEL LIFE — STREET PICTURES AND SUBURBAN VIEWS

BEFORE leaving Cordova, we made some excursions in the neighborhood. Though the only vehicles which could be had were of the most primitive kind, and the roads were rough and dusty, yet the beauty of the views in the translucent air of Spain, the wealth of flowers and flowering shrubs, and the handsome faces of the peasants of Andalusia were adequate compensation for the miseries of the ride. We crossed the bridge over the swift gray waters of the Guadalquivir, then passed the Alcázar, once a palace and now a wretched prison, and then took a road leading to a range of distant hills, on which many beautiful villas have been built. Our destination was the house of a member of the Cortes, a Spanish marquis. The road was upward for a number of miles, through walled gardens and orchards. Roses and orange-blossoms scented the air, the day was mild and clear; along the road, at the little restaurants, were gayly dressed peasants, men with

smart leather buskins, and sombreros on their heads, and women with bright-colored dresses, and roses in their black hair. Long lines of mules, with heavy packs upon their saddles, and donkeys, entirely eclipsed by their overshadowing loads, were coming towards the town, as we climbed up the heights.

At length we stopped at an iron gate, which was opened by the porter, and an attendant appeared to conduct us through the garden and villa. Terrace rose above terrace, clad with orange-trees and rose-trees, and geraniums and heliotropes grown to the size of bushes, with palm-trees and clustering vines. There the gentle murmur of fountains allured to repose. On the terrace above this garden was a modern imitation of a Moorish house, with all its furniture and interior decorations. Attention had been paid to every detail, and the illusion was complete. We were borne back to the seventh century, as we lounged on these rich divans, and looked out over the valley of the Guadalquivir and the beautiful hills and plains of Andalusia to the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, glittering like crystal on the far horizon line. A bridegroom in the garden was making a huge bouquet of roses for his bride, a few of the gardeners were standing about with the idle ease of the Spanish peasant of the South, the song of the nightingale trembled on the air, and every sense drank in the loveliness and beauty of landscape, sky, flowers, fruits, and music. It was an agreeable farewell to Cordova.

From Cordova to Seville, the distance was short, but the beauties of the country showed us that we

were in a different region from the stern and cold Castile and Aragon. Olive groves with their gray shimmering foliage, orange orchards with the golden fruit and the white blossoms on the selfsame trees, fields full of flowers, rose vines wreathing the walls, hedges of aloes and flowering shrubs, fig-trees, and palm-trees, and groves of pines alternated with rich green fields. On lofty rocks we saw castles and towers, and on the way we passed the town of Palma, a white jewel in a setting of emerald. Other villages were scattered about among the hills, and all along the road were country houses with an enclosed garden, a whitewashed wall broken by a door with some arabesques over it, and horseshoe windows on either side. Many people were in the fields, dressed in quaint costume, a broad-brimmed hat with pointed crown, a zouave jacket and vest, knee-breeches and gaiters, and often a silk sash around the waist. The snuff-colored cloak was no longer seen, and all sombre dress and cast of countenance and solemn mien had passed away. We were in the country of music, and laughter, and gayety.

At a long distance from Seville we first caught sight of the Giralda, rising over the green plains; and as we drew near, all of the principal buildings came into view, for the railway runs alongside of the town, while beyond the Guadalquivir are hills covered with olive groves, below which lie the ruins of Italica, which have enriched so many public and private places in Seville. From the railway we drove to the Hôtel de Madrid, the most charming hotel which Spain offers in any of its cities or

towns to the weary traveller. In its marble courts and beautiful gardens, where there are shade and coolness and refreshment during the noontide hours, in its spacious and well appointed dining-rooms and well furnished and comfortable saloons and bedrooms, we passed many delightful days, making morning visits to those celebrated places of interest with which the city is filled, and driving in the afternoon in the Delicias, lounging in the gardens of the Alcázar, or watching the festive crowds in the Calle de las Sierpes or the Alameda.

It may be cold in January at Seville, and if it is cold in Spain one must put on extra garments and go out into the sun. But in springtime the climate is perfect, the air is dry and clear, sunshine floods the city, the courtyards of the houses bloom with choicest flowers, the markets are full of delicacies, the outdoor life is novel and entertaining, and if one is fortunate enough to have pleasant friends and no anxieties of mind, the days pass in a circle of pleasure and restful delight.

Seville is a charming city, abounding in warmth and gayety and life, entirely different from other Spanish towns and full of delightful reminiscences of the Moors who once dwelt here and lived in beautiful palaces unlike those of any other part of the world. The Alcázar, with its courtyards and fountains and gardens, is an earthly paradise, and the Cathedral, with its Moorish Giralda, is a wonder of architecture, of which latter structure New York has now a partial copy. In this Moorish minaret there are thirty-five bells, which are rung by a blind man many times a

day. The palace of the Alcázar is full of lovely rooms, decorated in the most perfect style, with wonderful tiles, and courtyards with marble columns and fountains of waters, and gardens full of orange and citron and pomegranate and oleander trees, and roses innumerable, and flowers of all hues and fragrance, and vines and fruits, and shady bowers, and mazes of box, and all that can delight the eye and fascinate the soul. The streets are clean and healthful, and the people beautiful after the Spanish types of beauty; there are pictures of pleasing subjects by Murillo, and a charming drive in the "Paseo," an avenue extending for several miles along the Guadalquivir, under old trees and between gardens of trees and flowers. We made some pleasant expedition each morning, and drove two hours in the afternoon for a dollar, in a neat victoria, seeing the life and style of this Andalusian town. The bells, and the cries in the streets, and the perpetual hand-organs playing Spanish dance music would perhaps weary a nervous person, but in other respects even an invalid would enjoy Seville. Our hotel was formed of several courtyards, in two of which palm-trees and oleanders and banana-trees were growing; and a fountain played in the centre, into a basin full of goldfishes. Under the arches of the marble colonnade around the courtyard the walls are wainscoted with marble, and the floor beautifully tiled. Here we sat and chatted and read and took our coffee, and saw the passing life. When the sun grows hot, huge brown linen screens are drawn over the court from roof to roof, leaving spaces between for the air to

circulate and shutting out the vertical rays of the sun, so that it is always cool and pleasant within. We had a little suite of rooms on the quiet court, which has no plants in it, but only a marble floor, and rooms opening on the two galleries above. We went up one flight of marble steps, and had two bedrooms and a little salon, for which, with all of our meals and everything except wine, we paid twenty francs a day. Travelling is expensive in Spain, but living in its towns is not costly. The hotels are all upon the American plan, and that is rather pleasant to American tastes. But the table is not on the American plan, and the things which we got to eat were of the most remarkable description, and sometimes one could not tell at all what was at hand. I followed Paul's advice, and ate what was set before me, asking no questions. We did not always drink water, for the wine of the country is good and healthful, if taken in moderation, not sour like the French, and not heavy if properly selected. We always had also a bottle of some kind of aerated water. We met many people, some of our own nation and some English but mostly Spanish and French travellers. We heard little news, and found few English papers except the London *Times*, which was usually a week old. But, speaking of news, it is worthy of notice how greatly the world has changed within the past twenty years as respects the American continent. Columns of the *Times* are now occupied with American news, and the financial articles are about equally divided between Europe and America; whereas, twenty years ago, a

few brief paragraphs of no public interest embraced the entire American exhibit. Still, there is something yet to be done, for many curious mistakes in topography and in political matters are made even in British papers about the United States.

Not only is Seville a beautiful city, but I appreciated also the country in which the city stands. The orchards are pleasant places, with charming paths through them; on one side, and sometimes on both, crystal waters flow with a pleasant murmur. The banks are covered with fragrant herbs and flowers of many different hues. One can gather a bouquet of poppies or a bunch of violets in a little time. Majestic trees overshadow the paths; the olive, the walnut, and the fig interlace their branches, and hedges made of rose-bushes, blackberry vines, pomegranate, and honeysuckle divide the fields. Through this beautiful Andalusia, in these serene nights of spring, the heavens are full of stars, and the smiling fields are covered with verdure. The cool and pleasant gardens abound in shady and delightful walks, in gently flowing streams and rivulets, in sequestered nooks, in multitudes of birds that enliven the air with sweet songs. The weather is clear and warm, yet with a bracing air; and one would be content to live always in such an atmosphere, and with such pleasant surroundings. With choice company we explored the treasure-houses of the Cathedral, enjoyed the delights of the Alcázar and its lovely gardens, studied the pictures of Murillo, visited the ruins of Italica, and drove in the afternoons through the Delicias, beautiful promenades along the banks of

Guadalquivir, where Spanish beauties and the gilded youth of Seville gather to hold their daily court.

If Seville and its surroundings are so fascinating now, what must they have been in all the brightness, elegance, and splendor of its Moorish period? It was the sacred city of the Moor, filled with all that could exalt and embellish his luxurious life. Everything that wealth could purchase, or taste design, or bravery win, was gathered here. On these green savannas, surrounded by groves of orange-trees and watered by the Guadalquivir, had arisen an Oriental city. Its noble mosque was filled with worshippers of the Prophet when from the lofty Giralda the muezzin called the faithful to prayer. Its schools were thronged with eager and intelligent students in science and the arts; and in the glorious palace of the Alcázar, where the magnificence of architectural designs united with exquisite beauties of decorative art, were gathered all the statesmen, the warriors, and the courtiers of a great and powerful people. Palaces and villas rose in the midst of groves of palms and gardens of delight within whose courts the varied types of Moorish and Spanish beauty were hidden from the vulgar gaze; and throughout the whole region a brilliant life, which filled the senses and satisfied the imagination, reigned supreme. These glories have passed away and this brightness has become dim, but the climate, situation, and fertility of Seville assure its prosperity; and though the cultivated and noble Moors are gone, they have left an indelible impression upon the people, which makes the place one of the most delightful which the traveller sees in Spain.

XVII

MOORISH MEMENTOS IN SEVILLE

MOORISH HOUSES — CASA PILATOS, ITS BEAUTIES AND TRADITIONS — THE GOLDEN TOWER, AN ANCIENT TREASURE-HOUSE — ALCÁZAR AND GARDENS — THE GIRALDA — CLIMBING THE BELFRY

Besides the Giralda, Alcázar, and Torre d'Oro, Seville is full of minor memorials of the Moors. Houses are still standing which were built by them, and a large number of private edifices in Moorish style date from the close of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries. Among these are the Casa de los Abades, now used as a pawnbroker's, but once occupied by the abbots, from which came its name, and a house of the Duke of Alba, which had eleven patios and a hundred fountains, all of which are now in a decayed state. The Casa de Pilatos, which belongs to the Duke of Medina-Cœli, is the best preserved and most beautiful Moorish house in Seville. It was built by the family of Don Enriquez, the father of the first Marquis of Tarifa, and receives its name from having been copied after the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem, which the marquis had seen in his pilgrimage. Like most of the houses in Spain, the exterior is plain, and gives no idea of the beauties to which the gateway leads.

SEVILLE—HOUSE OF PILATE.

You enter through a courtyard into a patio which is simply enchanting, formed by two light galleries, resting on a double row of arches, supported by marble columns. In the centre, upheld by four marble dolphins, is a graceful fountain crowned with a head of Janus. All the walls are wainscoted with Moorish tiles, which have the sheen of changeable silk; and above the tiles the walls are covered with the most delicate patterns of stucco tracery. In these walls are niches occupied by the spoils of Italica, the Roman ruin outside of the town. Four colossal statues, which stand at the angles of the patio, are Roman goddesses. The pavement is of marble, and the whole effect is delightful. Large and beautiful rooms open from this court, whose walls are covered with *azuelos* and arabesques, and whose ceilings are of wood, carved, gilded, and colored in the most delicate and exquisite taste. Among these rooms is a chapel, where a column is shown which was presented by Pius V. The faithful believe that to this identical pillar our Lord was bound during his scourging, but unbelievers are satisfied to think that the Pope had the column made to imitate the original. De Amicis says, wittily, that Pius V. would scarcely have committed the unpardonable error of depriving himself of such a valuable relic, for the benefit of the first comer!

The whole palace is full of architectural beauties, and as full of sacred traditions, such as the place where Peter sat when he denied our Lord, the window from which the maid-servant recognized him, and the place where Jesus was crowned with thorns.

As we went out after a couple of hours pleasantly spent in the house, we read this inscription over the portal, "*Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam*" ("Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it"). Above this are carved the date of erection, the name of the founders, the three crosses of Jerusalem, and the family arms. Such is the Casa Pilatos, the most beautiful Moorish palace in Seville.

It is not a long drive to the Delicias, the promenade along the Guadalquivir, where every evening the beauty and fashion of Seville drive in their carriages, and alight for a walk in the garden full of flowers and under the avenues overhung with umbrageous trees. One turn of the road takes you around the Torre d'Oro, or Golden Tower, which was the key of the Alcázares. It was originally a small fortress, from which the environs and the river could be watched. It is orange-colored, and from the tint of its tiles, as they shone like cloth of gold in the sunlight, came its name, though some traditions say that it was once a Moorish treasure-house, and afterwards the place where the gold which Columbus brought from the New World was deposited. It has been used as a lighthouse, and is now occupied by the offices of a steamboat company. To such base uses do we come at last! But it is still a thing of beauty in the view of the city, and when the setting sun shines through the clear atmosphere of Andalusia, it gleams in the yellow lustre of its ancient glory, while the festive crowd of carriages, filled with elegantly dressed ladies and drawn by caparisoned horses, circles around its base.

The Alcázar, one of the most beautiful Moorish buildings in Spain, often enlarged and extended, is a part of the great palace which was the place of royalty when Seville became an independent kingdom. Without, it looks like a fortress, surrounded by high walls with towers and houses, which form two courts in front of the main building. The wall is plain, but the entrance is through a superb horseshoe arch, ornamented with gilded and painted arabesques. Walking thence through some lofty rooms with decorated wooden ceilings and tiled wainscot, one comes to an open court with elegant arches on the four sides, supported by delicate marble columns. There are fifty-two of these, of which forty are in pairs. Brilliant *azuelos* line the lower walls. Above, the arches, walls, window-frames, and doorways are covered with intricate and fanciful arabesques, like the figures on Oriental carpets, or the fine work on lace veils. The Hall of the Ambassadors and the Hall of Justice are decorated in a similar manner, but here the coloring and beauty of the patterns are inimitable. The façade glitters with gold and vivid colors, the little pillars are of choice marbles, the interlaced work glows with brilliancy, and the ceilings are adorned with manifold patterns, which shine like silver and mother-of-pearl, or are domed with orange-shaped recesses, which blend into each other and form the gorgeous interior of a resplendent cupola. Parts of these rooms have been often reproduced in paintings and photographs, but no adequate idea can be obtained of their wonderful beauty from these partial copies. It is a place of enchantment,

like one of the palaces of the Arabian Nights, or a creation of the kaleidoscope, brilliant with light and color.

These splendid rooms have witnessed some of the darkest deeds which have blotted human records. Here Don Pedro the Cruel received the Red King of Granada, who came with his Moorish chiefs and his costly collection of jewels to a royal banquet; and the guest was murdered by his host, who thus became the owner of the gems, the costliest of which, by the mutations of fortune, is now the great ruby of the English crown. Here, too, the same sovereign had his brother Don Fadrique assassinated, having invited him to come and see the tournaments. Dark stains are shown upon the marble pavement, which are just as genuine blood-stains of the victims as similar spots shown in Holyrood and other places where famous crimes have been committed. It was a relief to go out of these magnificent rooms, haunted with the spectres of such hideous deeds, into the lovely gardens of the Alcázar.

These are extensive and of varied beauty. They were laid out by Charles V., and are a mass of terraces, and paths between myrtle hedges, with fountains and fruit-trees, and flower beds in lavish profusion. It was a favorite pleasure to come after the noonday heat into these gardens, where a gratuity would secure prolonged strolls among murmuring waters and aromatic odors till near sunset, and to carry home roses and hyacinths and other fragrant flowers to adorn our little salon in the Hôtel de Madrid.

In all our walks and drives, we passed and repassed the Giralda. This is the feature of Seville. It rises three hundred and fifty feet into the air, and is surmounted by a bronze figure of Faith, fourteen feet high and weighing twenty-eight hundred pounds, which with strange though unintended sarcasm forms the revolving weather-vane. The tower takes its name from the vane, *girar* meaning to revolve. It was built in 1196 by Abu Jusuf Jacub, as a muezzin tower for the mosque erected by his father. The lower portion is of stone, and the walls are nine feet thick near the base. There is an inner wall in the centre, which supports thirty-five landing-places built upon brick arches, between the outer and inner walls. Inclined planes of brick connect these landings, and the angle is so slight that the ascent to the belfry is easy and could be made on horseback. From the platform, at the height of one hundred and fifty feet, which was the top of the Moorish tower, once rose a spire with four enormous gilt balls which could be seen for miles away. This was thrown down by an earthquake in 1395, and the upper stories of the structure were built nearly two hundred years later. This upper part of the tower contains the belfry with its thirty-five bells, which are rung by a blind man. He was ringing very frequently on the day when I went up, for it was a festival, and I asked him if he never missed the time. He seemed surprised at the question, and said in reply, "How can I when I've nothing else to do?" The belfry is girdled with this motto, "*Nomen Domini fortissima turris.*" Above the belfry is a balustrade, and above that a cupola,

and the whole is crowned by the revolving statue. The copy in New York, on the corner of the Madison Square Garden, differs slightly in detail from the original and has a statue of Diana for its weather-vane.

The Giralda is at once imposing and beautiful. Its surface is plain and bare, up to a certain point, and of a pink color; but there is nothing remarkable except the exactness of its angles. At the height of about sixty feet, beautiful *ajimez* windows of different styles and richly decorated panels of Moorish work adorn the sides; then comes a cornice of arched work in exquisite designs. There is something very noble and impressive about the Giralda, and the view from the top is superb. Seville, a mass of white houses amid gardens of green and gold, lies beneath; the Guadalquivir bends gracefully along the edge of the city and bears its commerce in many varied craft: then, in the distance, it sweeps away through the verdant plains to Cadiz and the sea. The towers of the Alcázar, the domes of many churches, covered with red and green tiles, the mighty cathedral at the foot of the tower, the Montpensier palace of St. Elmo, and the mass of verdure in its gardens, in the distance little villages nestling on the hills, further on the peaks and ranges of the Sierra Morena, and over all the deep azure of the sky, cloudless and pure, form a scene to delight the eye and fill the memory with visions of beauty that can never fade.

XVIII

SACRED PLACES IN SEVILLE

THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS TREASURES — CHURCH AND HOSPITAL — A REFORMED RAKE AND HIS CHARITIES — MURILLO'S PICTURES

The Cathedral of Seville is immense, — a Gothic pile of the best period in Spain, so large and beautiful that the prophecy of the Chapter, which, in July, 1401, resolved to build it, has been fulfilled. They predicted that "future ages would call them mad" for undertaking such a vast edifice, but they paid the bill themselves, aided by the sale of indulgences throughout the kingdom. Nothing was left of the Moorish buildings upon whose site the Cathedral was erected, save the Giralda, the Court of the Oranges, and two porticos. The Cathedral stands alone in the centre of a great square, and is surrounded by a raised platform approached by steps, and is separated from the street by huge chains hung from double columns, which look as if they had been taken from the ruins of the Italica. There are nine entrances of different styles, and the principal façade is towards the west. Its massive walls of brown and pink-colored stone, the pinnacles, and buttresses, and towers, which rise all over the extensive buildings,

and the beautiful Giralda as its crown fill the beholder with wonder and admiration.

We entered through the Puerta del Lagarto, which forms part of the cloisters, and takes its name from a stuffed crocodile which hangs above it, the gift of a sultan of Egypt. The building was being repaired at the time of our visit, and the workmen will occupy it for years to come, for a large portion of the vaulted ceiling fell down a few years since, destroying the choir and ruining a large part of the interior. A force of mechanics are now rebuilding the edifice, strengthening the pillars, renewing the vaulted roof, and repairing the havoc which the fall of tons of stone produced. Huge scaffoldings occupy the centre of the edifice, but it is so vast that we hardly missed the portions which were shut off by high board fences. The cathedral has a nave and four great aisles, besides two lateral ones railed off for chapels, of which there are thirty-seven, all containing masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Ninety-three windows of stained glass give light to the interior. Each aisle is large enough for a church. Everything is gigantic, from the enormous pillars which support the sixty-five arches of the vaulted roof down to the bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, which carries a candle made of a ton of wax. Every chapel is a museum. In the royal chapel rests St. Ferdinand, who was made a saint because he heaped wood, with his own hands, upon the fire that burned heretics. His body sleeps in a coffin of solid silver and crystal, but not undisturbed, since three times a year it is displayed for the encouragement of the faithful. It is said to be

in fine preservation, dressed in royal robes, and with a kingly crown. I would rather lie forgotten beneath the waves, or on a lonely mountain, than as a "saint" for crowds to peer at and ignorant devotees to kiss. The very thought of such a lying in state after death is worse than purgatory.

In the chapels there are marble altars and tombs, statues in wood and stone and precious metal, and pictures of rare value and beauty. The most beautiful of these are the "Guardian Angel" of Murillo, in which a celestial being with outspread wings leads a little child by the hand, directing his trusting glance towards heavenly light, the "San Antonio," in which the child Jesus is descending through choirs of attending angels to answer the prayers of a poor saint, who is kneeling in a cell of the cloister, and the painting in the sacristy, by Pedro de Campagna, of the "Taking down from the Cross" of the body of our Lord. Murillo was buried in front of this picture, by his own request. He would stand before the picture for hours, during his lifetime, and once, when the sacristan asked him why he stood there gazing, he answered, "I am waiting for those holy men to finish their work." This is the true temperament of genius.

I attended several special services in the Cathedral, one for the army, which was celebrated with great pomp, and another in preparation for Corpus Christi festival, when hundreds of gorgeously apparelled priests, with candles and swinging censers and musical instruments, went in long procession, and said and sung masses in the different parts of the build-

ing. A few days later, the festival was to be celebrated, one part of which consists in the dancing of a band of choristers before the altar. Travellers describe this scene as fantastic, scandalous, or solemnizing, according to their training and temper of mind. I had no desire to see it, and left Seville a few days before it occurred. Among the sights of the Cathedral, not the least interesting to an American is the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the discoverer of the New World, who died at Seville, July 12, 1536, at the age of fifty years. This tomb is surrounded with sculptures of the caravels in which the intrepid navigator sailed, and on the slab is the familiar motto, in Spanish, "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a new world." The grandeur of the building, the sombre masses of which it is composed, the richness of the chapels, the choice works of art, the memorials of great achievement and of vanished greatness which are gathered here, unite in making this Cathedral one of the most important in the world and one that well repays the visitor and the student.

A most interesting place in Seville is La Caridad. Under this name there is a church, and also a hospital, which are connected. The Church is chiefly noteworthy for the excellent pictures by Murillo which it contains. The well-organized hospital is interesting, both on account of its history and its present work. Don Miguel de Mañana was a wealthy young nobleman of Seville in the seventeenth century. He was a leader among the gay profligates of that age, in this, the gayest of Spanish cities. If we

may trust his biographies, he was as celebrated for his recklessness in duels and adventures as he was for his generosity and patronage of art. He was the friend and patron of Murillo, and six beautiful pictures in the Church bear witness to his wise beneficence in this direction. But he was wild and lawless —a Don Juan of the seventeenth century. The story of his conversion is told with variations by Juan de Cardenas and M. de Latour, and is something like this: One night, after a debauch, as he came forth into the street, he faced a funeral procession with its torch-bearers and attendants. He asked whose funeral it was; the answer came that it was that of Don Miguel de Mañana, and, as he looked upon the corpse, he seemed to see his own image. The priests were about to celebrate a mass for the soul of the departed, and bade Don Miguel attend the service and pray with them for his soul. He obeyed, and the following morning was found on the floor of the church in a comatose state. He recovered, and became from that hour a changed man. He abandoned his profligate companions, renounced his evil habits, and devoted himself to works of mercy and benevolence. He rebuilt the church, which had belonged to a brotherhood, one of whose duties was to give religious consolation to criminals about to be executed, and he added to it a hospital for the sick poor and a refuge for the aged. There, after a life of piety and humility, he died, leaving directions that his body should be buried at the chapel door so that all who entered might tread upon his grave, which was to be marked with the inscription, "Here

lies the worst man in the world." Though La Caridad is not in an attractive part of the city, it is beautiful within. Two fine courtyards, with plants and fountains, afford quiet and shade to the sick and aged, and the neat wards of the hospital accommodate, in two long galleries, about one hundred old men, many of whom are confined to the bed. The whole establishment is managed by the Sisters of Charity, and has a clean and attractive appearance. After showing the hospital, the sisters took us through a side door into the Church, where we saw a fine carved *retablo*, representing the burial of Christ. This did not occupy our attention long, for there are six pictures by Murillo here, two of which we had specially come to see, the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" and the "Thirst," the subject of which is Moses striking the rock in the wilderness. In the "Miracle of the Loaves," Christ is seated in the foreground, and Andrew is handing him the loaves, which he blesses. A little in front, upon the right, is Peter speaking to a boy, who has a basket containing the two fishes. In the distance, the people are grouped amid a Spanish landscape, with bare rocky hills and wild flying clouds. The groups are very effective, and the coloring is fine; the face of Christ is expressive, but the sitting posture detracts from his dignity. Many would think that the figures of Peter and the fisher-boy were the gems of the picture.

The other picture is one of the best that Murillo ever painted. It contains three groups. In the centre is a large mass of dark rock, from which flows forth the crystal stream. Beside this, Moses stands,

his hands folded, and his eyes raised to heaven in thanksgiving for the miracle. His attitude and bearing are majestic. Aaron is just behind his brother, and is also praying. The thirsty Israelites are rushing forward, each countenance bearing a different expression of mingled anxiety and joy, and animals, from the stately camel to the eager dog, join most naturally in the excited but grateful throng. The grouping of the different scenes is admirable, and the picture is most satisfactory as a whole. There were five other Murillos in La Caridad, but the French took them away, and only one came back to Spain; and under the title of "Isabella Curing the Leper" it is now in Madrid.

The picture gallery of Seville is on the south side of the Plaza del Museo. A statue of Murillo stands in the centre of the square, and the finest of his pictures are upon the walls of the gallery, which contains in all less than two hundred paintings. There are here twenty-four pictures by Murillo, all but three of which are undoubted originals, and at least one-third of these are among his finest works. The famous Conception, St. Francis embracing the Christ Crucified, St. Felix with the infant Saviour in his arms, and St. Anthony of Padua kneeling before the infant Saviour, who is seated on an open book, are beautiful in their composition, charming in their colors, and the grace of the figures is unsurpassed. The Virgins of Murillo are more original than those of Raphael; and his Christs are real and childlike, while those of Raphael have a supernatural aspect, like the child in the picture of the Dresden Madonna.

Murillo is a painter who charms by his sweetness, simplicity, and naturalness, and these qualities are pre-eminent when a group of his pictures are seen, as in this gallery. We came to love his pictures, and cared not to criticise or dissect them. His beggars were so jolly that they did not disgust us, his monks compelled us to accept them as dignified and benevolent ecclesiastics, who were doing good and not evil to mankind, and his scripture scenes and sacred characters won alike our admiration and esteem. It was well worth going to Spain, to become acquainted with Murillo from the best specimens extant of his work.

XIX

SEVILLE AND ITS ENVIRONS

TRIANA AND THE POTTERY — FROM A PALACE TO A DRY GOODS STORE — THE TOBACCO FACTORY — TYPES OF BEAUTY — THE RUINS OF ITALICA — STREET LIFE IN SEVILLE

We stayed longer in Seville than in any other Spanish city, and, among other things, we saw the pottery, where all sorts of earthen and porcelain ware are made, and whose tiles are almost equal to some of the ancient ones. Yet Spain is far behind other European nations in this, one of the earliest manufactures of mankind, and he who is limited for time can spend it more profitably than in seeing the familiar operations of the potter's wheel and the burnisher's jewel in a foreign land.

Walking through the squares of the city, we came upon a beautiful Moorish palace — modern, of course, but a fine copy of an original, with elegant Moorish courts and gardens, and rooms decorated with arabesques and verses from the Koran. Upon entering the patio, we found the entire place given up to business. It had been bought at auction for forty thousand dollars, by an enterprising trader, from the decayed family who once owned it, or from their creditors; and now piles of ginghams and cottons

and ready-made clothes, and even Yankee notions, occupied counters and shelves in the elegant rooms, whose marble pillars and superb walls and ceilings showed the richness and luxury of former tenants. So one generation goeth and another cometh, and even in Seville, the city of love and pleasure, business overcomes sentiment, and debt brings ruin and eviction to spendthrifts.

Thence we took our way to the famous tobacco factory. Entering through a damp court, we followed a guide through an immense building, where five or six thousand women are gathered, making cigars and cigarettes. The work is mostly done in three extensive rooms, where the women sit in little groups around low tables, on which the tobacco and the cigars are piled. I never saw so many women together in my life, and the immediate impression was to degrade and commonize the sex. I do not think that any sensitive man could look upon so many women engaged in such a business, without at least a passing shudder, and the feeling that his sentiments of reverence for womanhood had received a shock. The workers were all comparatively young; not a few had the look and manner of gypsies. Some had infants on their laps, or in cradles beside their work-tables, and there was a great difference in the dexterity and neatness with which they wrought. I watched one woman, who made from seven to ten cigars in a minute, and was told that there were others who could do even better than this. She seized the strips of tobacco known as "filling" from a pile upon the table; from another pile she drew a

wrapper, moistened it with a sponge, smoothed it, and dexterously twisted or rolled it around the filling, bringing one end to a smooth point and cutting the other off with shears. The cigars thus made went into a pile, till twenty-five or fifty were finished, and were then tied in bundles with yellow silk ribbons stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. Most of the women were chattering, and all were bold and coarse in their manners and behavior. We did not agree with some travellers, who have written that all the types of Andalusian beauty may be seen here. Remnants of beauty there certainly were, here and there among the six thousand, and perhaps a thorough cleansing would have brought out a handsome face which had been concealed by dirt and frowsy hair; but, with the exception of very black and often large eyes, and occasionally a rich contrast of color, the elements of beauty were lacking. One womanly trait was almost universal, the love of flowers. The ugliest slattern, equally with the comparatively neat woman, had a flower or two in her hair, on her bosom, or in a jug beside her table. It was a little bit of pure nature in a very dark and depressing human dungeon, as it seemed to me. The very infants brought here by their mothers seemed narcotized and prematurely old; the roses and the lilies alone seemed young and sweet.

As we got into the carriage, we felt the need of a good airing, and directed the driver to take us to Italica.

A pleasant drive of about an hour over a rough

road, along the old banks of Guadalquivir and through the village of Santo Pozo, or "Holy Well," brought us to the Amphitheatre, which is now all that remains here of the once prosperous city, the birthplace of three Roman emperors, Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. Italica was founded in the sixth century, and its palaces, aqueducts, temples, and amphitheatre were magnificent. War and earthquake and the plundering of Sevillian builders have destroyed and depleted the place, and though the form and the walls of the circus remain, all of its mosaics and columns have been removed. It is two hundred and ninety-one feet long by two hundred and four feet wide; there are traces of dens for beasts, and water-tanks, and rooms for gladiators, and the wedge-shaped rows of seats where the people sat to see the show can yet be distinguished.

I am not an archæologist, and preferred to climb upon a grassy slope on the ruined wall, and muse over the historic past, and let imagination people these hills and groves and fill these seats with the rich and gay inhabitants of the Roman province thirteen centuries ago and this arena with gladiators and wild beasts, and then to think what changes have passed over the Roman Empire in these ages, and how much greater and more beneficent is the influence upon mankind of a country which was then unknown than that of Rome with all its power and learning and wealth had ever been! Even Spain in her decadence, with an imperfect form of Christianity, is a far better and happier country than the same land when Italica was in all its glory with Trajan's

magnificent palace, and the vast population flocking to the amphitheatre to see and rejoice in scenes of cruelty and blood. The old brutal spirit lingers, it is true, about the bull-ring in Spain, but it has been tempered by the civilization which Christianity has brought to Europe and the world. When we had mused sufficiently we ate oranges of Seville and bread of Santo Pozo, and then drove back to the city.

The squares of Seville are handsome and surrounded by fine buildings with porticos and balconies. The square of San Francisco contains some of the oldest buildings of the town, with porticos supported on stone columns, and overhanging stories, and jalousies. Most of the streets are very narrow, and the houses are all furnished with iron balconies, which, in the cool afternoons and evenings, are full of women looking down into the streets. Here, too, the señorita listens to the guitar of her lover, according to the romances; and the custom of "eating iron" yet prevails in Spain. The lover who desires to attract the attention of a fair lady who has smitten him, stands before her house, and gazes intently upon the iron balcony, in the hope that his love may appear and reward him with a glance. Though unrewarded, he persists, and it may be that the fair one asks father or brother to find out who the "iron-eater" is. If he is desirable and acceptable, he is admitted as an acquaintance, and his days of "eating iron" are ended. Sometimes the "iron-eater" fails in his suit, and the iron enters into his soul.

In the evenings, no promenade is more brilliant than Las Sierpes, a narrow and crooked street, from

which all vehicles are excluded. The finest shops and the best clubs are along this street; the shopkeepers stand at their doors, and the club members sit in warm evenings far out on the roadway, drinking cool syrups and smoking and gossiping, while the crowds of well-dressed and handsome people promenade, every lady with a fan, which she wields with inimitable grace and meaning. Crowds come out from the theatre to refresh themselves between the pieces. There are as many as four short plays in an evening's performance, each lasting about an hour. One pays fifty centimes for each play that he attends, and stays for all, or takes as many as he chooses. There are gypsy performances, especially provided for the entertainment of foreigners, and street music of all kinds going on through the day and evening. We saw a parade of Spanish troops one afternoon, but it was like the drill of the awkward squad at West Point on a larger scale. In fact, the only Spanish soldiers that we saw, who had a military aspect and bearing, were in and around Madrid. The season was advancing, and with summer would come great heat, so we packed our trunks, and regretfully left the most charming city of Spain.

XX

CADIZ

BETWEEN SEVILLE AND CADIZ — VINEYARDS AND SHERRY WINE — MILES OF WINE CASKS — PYRAMIDS OF SALT AND CURIOUS CRUSTACEANS — A CITY IN WHITE — THE CATHEDRAL — MURILLO'S LAST WORK — AN EVENTFUL HISTORY

From Seville to Cadiz is about ninety-six miles by the railroad, and more by the river. There is no reason why one should go by river when he can go by rail, for the scenery is of the tamest sort; treeless plains with hedges of prickly pear, their great lobes edged with clusters of spikes and pretty yellow flowers, an occasional glimpse of the river, which gnaws its way through the prairie, and fields of wheat, which gave place as we approached Jerez to vineyards, are its only characteristics. At Jerez, the vineyards occupy all the land that is not covered by houses and manufactories of wine. Here sherry wine is made in great quantities, and there are immense "bodegas," or wine-cellars, some of them holding fourteen thousand butts of wine.

Some of it is good wine, and I presume there are honest manufacturers of wine as well as of other things. A gentleman living at Jerez and engaged in the wine business, with whom I afterwards travelled

to Paris, presented me with a few bottles of sherry on the journey, which connoisseurs afterwards pronounced excellent. But Mr. Finck in his "Spain and Morocco," a fresh and charming volume, says that the condition of the wine trade is deplorable, owing to adulteration. A few years since "some firms began to import German alcohol, and to manufacture a vile, cheap compound, which has injured the popularity of the wine and limited the sale of genuine sherry, which cannot be sold at any such price." The extent to which this adulteration has been carried on may be inferred from the fact that twelve million dollars' worth of German alcohol (made of potatoes and beets) is imported into Spain annually, and of this stuff Jerez got nearly a million dollars' worth in a single year. Going on from Xeres, for so its name used to be spelt, the train travels between piles of casks, which extend for miles along the track; and after passing San Fernando, a gay-looking town, with fantastic lattices and white houses, the salt pits, from which it gains its prosperity, begin to appear on each side of the road. The marshes are full of canals, which convey salt water to shallow rectangular ponds. In these, the salt crystals are formed by evaporation, and then heaped in a central mound. Thousands of these glistening mounds, in the centre of square ponds, appear as far as the eye can reach. It takes from a week to ten or twelve days to evaporate a pond, according to the wind. When a "levanter" blows from the African coast, its drying power is very great, and so the more disagreeable the wind, the better is business at San

CADIZ.

Fernando. There is another interesting industry here. Among these marshes, says Forel, "there breed innumerable small crabs, *cangrejos*, whose foreclaws are delicious. . . . These are torn off from the living animal, who is then turned adrift that the claws may grow on again." We had them for luncheon at the Hôtel de Paris at Cadiz, and found them more delicate than lobster, though not unlike that favorite crustacean.

Cadiz, whether viewed from land or sea, is a study in white. When I first saw it, on my voyage from Tangier, it looked like a white island, a coral structure growing out of the ocean, dazzling and beautiful against the turquoise blue of the Spanish sky. As we drew nearer, white towers and domes could be distinguished, and then the houses, all in white, with shadowed lines between, which were the narrow streets of the city. Seen from the land, Cadiz appears equally like an island, for it lies at the extremity of a long peninsula, and it is only joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. It is as luminous and brilliant when the traveller comes down the Guadalquivir in a steamboat, or by rail across the long flats, as when it is approached by sea. In both cases, the white city against the blue of sea or sky produces the same effect. De Amicis, with wit, says, "To give an idea of Cadiz, one could not do better than write the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper, and make a note on the margin, 'Impressions of Cadiz.'" Nor does Cadiz belie its external appearance when you enter in. Though it is one of the oldest towns in Spain,

having been founded three hundred and forty-seven years before Rome, and eleven hundred years before Christ, it is as clean as if the contractor had handed it over in good order yesterday. So well built, well paved, well lighted, and withal so tidy is it, that the natives call it "a silver dish," and Caballero likens it to an ivory model set in emeralds. This is hyperbole, but it is no exaggeration for me to say that it was the cleanest city that I saw in Spain, and that the women are as neat and tasteful in their dress, and as pretty, as one would expect to find them in such an exceptional town.

Cadiz is strongly fortified, and surrounded by walls. The streets are long, straight, and narrow, and the tall white houses have balconies at all the windows, many of which are enclosed with glass. In the squares are trees and shrubs, and in one, la Plaza de Mina, there are fountains and seats; and a military band plays several times a week, while the people promenade and gossip under the palm-trees and in shady nooks by the fountain. The sea-wall, arranged in broad terraces, is a charming evening walk when the full moon falls with silver light upon the dancing waves and is reflected from the glistening walls of the town. There is an old cathedral, but it has been abandoned for the new one begun in 1720 and finished in this century. Its dome and towers show finely from the sea. Within, it abounds in precious marbles and jasper; it has a high altar of white marble, and a *silleria del coro*, once in Seville, and said to be the finest in Spain. We drove to the suppressed convent of San Francisco, along the sea-

wall, to see some pictures of Murillo, the best of which is a "Marriage of St. Catherine," the last of his paintings. He fell from the scaffold when the work was nearly done, and died from his injuries not long after, in Seville. Cadiz has seen great changes. Under the Romans, it was a great emporium. It held the monopoly of salt fish, and distributed most of the tin of England and the amber of the Baltic. Wealth and luxury made it all that Venice became to mediæval Europe, or that Paris is to the world to-day. Its lordly knights and merchant princes, the worshippers of Venus and Terpsichore, have been celebrated by Martial and Juvenal. Then came the Goths, who destroyed it, and then the Moors, who were in turn driven out by the Spaniard, Don Alonso Sabio, "the learned." He rebuilt and repeopled Cadiz, and with the discovery of America its prosperity returned. Its next disaster was due to the English, who in 1587, under Drake, destroyed its ships and dockyards, and in 1596, under Lord Essex, cruelly sacked the city, the booty being reckoned at thirteen ships of war and forty enormous galleons loaded with American gold and other treasure. Lord Essex burned the city and treated the inhabitants with all the horrors of war. Even from this ruin it recovered, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century its wealth and commerce were greater than those of London, according to Adam Smith. But the war of 1793, the independence of Spanish colonies, French invasion, and civil strife have reduced this mistress of the world to a quiet old dame, who is content to keep her house clean and neat, and live a humdrum and uneventful life.

XXI

CADIZ TO GRANADA

VARIED SCENERY — A PERPLEXING RAILWAY STATION — ANTEQUERA — THE SIERRA NEVADA — DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ESTATE — THE GRASP OF THE IRON HAND — SANTA FÉ — ENTERING GRANADA

THE railways in the southern part of Spain have not been in operation many years, and nothing moves rapidly in the Iberian peninsula. But the deliberate travelling in Andalusia is not so much regretted as in the monotonous scenery of the North. From Cadiz to Utrera we retraced our footsteps, and thence rode through a fertile and pleasant country to Marchena, an ancient town, which was given by Ferdinand V. to the family of Ponce de Leon in 1509. He did not find the fountain of immortal youth in Florida, but he owned what is extremely practical in Spain, a spring of sulphur water, which is highly esteemed for the cure of skin diseases. Here the railway from Cordova comes in, and runs on to Osuna. The town stands on a high hill, which is crowned with a castle and the Colegiata. At each station there are little crowds of peasants in picturesque costumes, who have come to see the train, and women who offer fresh water for sale. The scenery grows wilder, and the road climbs in con-

centric curves through hills, often cultivated with olive orchards and fields of grain. Then it descends to Bobadilla, an important railway junction. The main line from Madrid to Malaga must pass through this place. The railroad to Granada begins here; and the new railroad, which will make it easy to go through the wild scenery of the Ronda route, and journey by Algeciras to Gibraltar, starts from the same place. We had been told that the chances of going wrong at this station, where everybody has to change trains, were great; and we had some amusement in seeing the fluttering and excitement of a "personally conducted" band of Germans, who were eager to get good seats in the train. It seemed as if some totally depraved spirit delighted to mislead them, as they climbed in and out, in and out, of all the trains, and finally, in an exhausted condition, were hustled by the conductor into all sorts of carriages, separated and objurgant, but right at last. We found a very nice little interpreter, who knew the French language, and who for a few *pesetas* so arranged things for us that without anxiety we lunched and rested, and at the right time found our parcels nicely stowed in a clean carriage. We left him bowing profoundly on the platform, as we steamed off to Granada.

A few miles from Bobadilla, we came to Antequera, which was a Roman stronghold, and where there are remains of a palace and a theatre, and also, what is more conducive to present prosperity, a manufactory of woollen cloths and blankets which have a great reputation as "fast colors." An hour after

leaving Bobadilla, the beautiful snow-covered range of the Sierra Nevada came into view, and the scenery became grand. The railroad wound its way through the hills, sometimes crossing deep gorges and curving around mountain slopes; and as sunset was tinting the mountains with the deep purple of the heart's-ease and pouring a flood of red gold upon the snow-white summits on the horizon line, we drew up at Loja, a prosperous town in a narrow valley, through which the Xenil runs, and where it is joined by the dashing waters of the Manzanil. The abundant waters which rise in and flow through this green vale produce an exuberant fertility. Everything grows here in abundance, from fruits to the silk-worms, which feed upon the mulberry and yield a fine fibre.

Eight miles further on is the railway station for the estates of the Duke of Wellington. It seems strange to an Amerian traveller to find in Spain such a permanent memorial to the prowess of a foreign warrior. But here, among other properties belonging to the estate, is one vast field of four thousand acres, where eight hundred laborers are employed in raising grain; another estate consists of five thousand acres, which contain two of the finest olive plantations in Spain, producing twenty thousand gallons of oil yearly, while the two vineyards on the same estate yield more than this number of gallons of wine per annum. The property was worth about fifteen thousand dollars a year when it was given to the Duke of Wellington in 1814. For years it was neglected, but since 1864 it has been

cultivated and improved, and its income is now more than fifty thousand dollars a year.

Ford says that the vast corn-field called "Soto de Roma," was an appanage of the kings of Granada, and was granted May 23, 1492, by Ferdinand to his lieutenant at that siege, the uncle of the celebrated Señor de Alarcon, to whom were committed as prisoners both François I. and Clement VII. The Soto, on the failure of the Alarcon family, was resumed by the Crown, and henceforth given to court favorites. Charles III. gave it to an Irish gentleman, Richard Wall, who occupied the Casa Real in 1776, after having put it in perfect order. When he died, the minion Godoy received it from Charles IV.; then came the French invasion, and Joseph Bonaparte appropriated the property. The victory of Salamanca ousted Joseph, and the Cortes granted the estate to the Iron Duke. He never allowed anything to slip from his firm grasp, and though Ferdinand VII. was loath to confirm the grants of the Cortes, he could not annul this one, which was held by the right of possession as well as of legislative decree, in fee simple and unentailed.

As the twilight came on, we pushed up the valley of the Xenil, past Atarfe, near the ancient city of Illiberis, where a great council was held by Spanish bishops in A.D. 303, and where five thousand Moors, in 1319, defeated the Infantes Pedro and Juan, who advanced with armies whose living "numbers covered the earth." Alas, for their boasting! these armies were put to rout, and the earth was not only covered, but filled with the dead bodies of more than

fifty thousand slain, while the prince Pedro was skinned and stuffed, and put over the city gate as a warning to mouthing warriors.

Santa Fé was the last town before we reached Granada. Here the capitulation of Granada was signed, and hence, also, Columbus started to discover the New World. Ford is very sarcastic in his remarks upon Santa Fé. "The deed of capitulation was dated at this town of *sacred faith* as if in mockery of the Punic perfidy with which every stipulation was subsequently broken," and Columbus "found, when success had rewarded his toils, every pledge previously agreed upon scandalously disregarded."

We reached Granada at nine in the evening, and were turned out into the worst crowd that I remember to have seen in Spain. It was impossible to advance or recede, to hear or to make oneself heard. The numerous runners for various hotels seemed each to have half a hundred drummers and followers and satellites, and all were determined to secure the unlucky travellers as their prey. At last, by the aid of a stout umbrella and a piece of baggage that could not be "surrounded," I gained a melancholy vehicle with barred windows, and very much "down in front," the forward wheels being very small, and the hind wheels very large. A few other victorious comrades climbed into this prison on wheels, and the villainous-looking driver began to swear at the four mules which were hitched to the bowsprit of the curious ark. Blows followed oaths, and in due time the team was in full gallop, the driver, assisted now

by a lieutenant, swearing and beating and yelling, the clumsy vehicle plunging and swaying and clattering through narrow streets and around sharp corners, till suddenly the noise ceased as we passed through a gateway and struck a smooth avenue beneath tall and branching trees, where dashing waters only broke the stillness. A few moments of this restful driving up the hill beneath the trees brought us to the open place where the two hotels, "Los Siete Suelos" and "Washington Irving," offered us hospitality in the most romantic place in the world — the Alhambra of the Moors in Spain.

XXII

MORNING IN THE ALHAMBRA

ROMANCE AND PRACTICAL LIFE — SIGHTS AND SOUNDS — THE ENTRANCE TO THE ALHAMBRA — THE RED CITY — GATE OF JUDGMENT — BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION — PALACES AND HOUSES

Our coming to the Alhambra had been telephoned from the railway station, and rooms were ready for us. We dined and went to bed. Tired by travelling, we slept soundly, and awoke in a scene of beauty. The guide-book speaks of the song of the nightingale, and there are a plenty of them in the groves, but the notes of chanticleer, and the melodious braying of an ass stabled near the Hotel Siete Suelos were prominent among morning sounds. As to the musical gypsies mentioned in an attractive paragraph in the same veracious authority, there were two male wretches in barbarous costume, who performed a sort of "tum-tum" on a discordant mandolin beneath our windows, and two dirty and disreputable females, who screeched now and then to the accompaniment, and importuned the visitor to buy flowers in the intervals. The aroma of frying fish quite overpowered the fragrance of the orange-blossoms, and the chatter of a party of Spaniards on the terrace, like a flock of parrots, prevented the romantic senti-

ments which might otherwise have controlled us in such a place. The dense foliage of the groves planted here by Wellington, the multitude of flowers, the cool airs, and the superb views tend to lift one above mundane trials in the gardens and courts of the Alhambra; yet he must cultivate the romantic and poetic spirit, in order to ignore the blind beggars, the obscene gypsies, the lazy boys and dirty men, the restorations of things which never existed, and the endless repetition of fable and nonsense which is obtruded upon the ear in the midst of things ancient and modern.

Painters swarm in the Alhambra, and photographers, professional and amateur, crowd each other. Nothing, however, can depreciate the serene atmosphere, the brilliant sunlight, the crystal glory of the Sierra Nevada, and the wealth of white waters that pour their rich treasures everywhere, in courts and gardens and fields, and rise in columns to fall in filmy spray from a hundred fountains. Birds sing in retired places, and would make a delicious concert, were it not for the dissonant braying of the omnipresent donkey and the harsh voices of the people. Nature is lovely, and the palace becomes interesting in proportion as it is studied, though there is an ever present feeling of regret that much that was once very beautiful, and so delicate in its beauty, should now be ruinous and decayed.

The city of Granada lies in the valleys of the Xenil and the Darro. These rivers, fed by the melting snows of the Sierra Nevada, irrigate and fertilize expanding vegas, or plains, among which the city is

built. The succession of crops never ceases, and the country teems with sugar-cane, hemp, wine, oil, silk, grain, and fruits of all sorts. The city is built upon four hills, and extends in an amphitheatre from the river, covering the gradual ascent of the hills, which are crowned by the Alhambra and old lines of fortresses. The vega stretches to the base of the distant mountains, and as we looked down upon it from the towers of the Alhambra, or the gardens of the Generalife, seemed like a green ocean dotted with sails, the white walls of many villas rising out of its verdurous depths.

At the extreme north of the town rises a long ridge called El Cerro del Sol, which is cleft in twain by a wooded ravine, bordered on either side by precipitous terraces, which were formerly girded by walls and towers and connected by walled lanes. Within this fortified circuit stood the palaces and villas of the caliphs of Granada, as well as the principal fortresses. It was a city by itself, and was called the Medinàh Alhámra, "the red city." The road from Granada enters by the gate of Charles V., and is planted thickly with English elms and lofty cherry-trees, while waters from many fountains run in paved channels on either side. We pass up this shaded avenue, and just before reaching the two hotels, which are close to the walls of the Alhambra, a sharp turn to the left leads to the "gate of judgment," which is the principal entrance to the grounds and buildings to which the name of "The Alhambra" is now generally applied.

This gate, which is familiar from the many pictures

and photographs which have been made of it, is in a square tower forty-seven feet wide and sixty-two feet high. There is a horseshoe arch rising half-way up the tower, and over the arch is sculptured an open hand with the fingers pointing upwards, which has been considered by some as symbolical of the five tenets of the Mohammedan creed, of hospitality, or of power and providence, and by others as a protection against the evil eye. Marble sculptured pillars are on either side of the gate bearing the inscription, "There is no God but Allah; Mohammed is the prophet of Allah; there is no power or strength but in Allah." The huge two-leaved door turns on a vertical pivot in the centre and leads to the place where the caliph sat to give judgment. Over the second arch is a sculptured key, which has been the occasion of many guesses, and of the legend that the Moors boasted that this gate would never be opened by Christians till the hand over the outer arch took the key over the inner one. Here also is the inscription, "May Allah make this a protecting bulwark!" The passages between the gates are winding and contrived for obstinate defence. Beyond this gateway, passing by an altar placed in the wall and a tablet recording the conquest at Granada, we come out upon a large plaza, called the "Place of the Cisterns." These large and deep tanks receive the waters of the Darro and supply the Alhambra, and from hence water is carried on donkeys and the shoulders of men in summer to the town and sold to the thirsty people.

We are now upon a long and narrow plateau, sur-

rounded by walls of red stone, thirty feet high and six feet thick, with frequent towers built by the various tribes and nationalities which have in turn held this magnificent stronghold. Roman and Carthaginian, Moor and Spaniard, French and English have ruled here, and each have left the traces of their residence and power. Each palace and tower has its history and its legends. On the left of the plaza is the citadel with its yellow towers, which command a superb view of the town of Granada, a vast expanse of whitewashed houses, churches, and towers, with the great Cathedral in the midst. Beyond this are the river valleys, the green vega, and the rugged mountains with their snowy crown. On the right is the unfinished palace of Charles V., an immense quadrangular edifice without, while within it is a vast circular courtyard, with a superb double colonnade. Much of the Moorish palace was destroyed to make room for this modern building, which stands with unglazed windows and incomplete sculptures, a monument to the pride and folly of royalty. Beyond the palace are gardens and orchards, a mosque and a church, a little town with a few shops for the sale of photographs and mementos, all within the walls of the Alhambra.

To this plaza, natives and tourists delight to come, and sit in the shadow of the buildings or beneath the trees, and gaze for hours upon the landscape. The view towards the villa of the Moorish sovereigns, called the Generalife, is in striking contrast to the view of Granada. Its white walls rise among groves and gardens, and venerable cypresses lift their

solemn spires from the palace courts as if it were the mausoleum of a race of kings. Above this are hills covered with prickly pear, among which, in caves and earth burrows, live a gypsy population. Then come rugged hills, from one of which the unfortunate Boabdil, last ruler of his race, gazed for the last time upon the kingdom which he had lost and the palaces and towers, once the pride and glory of the Moor, which were henceforth to be trodden by the infidel and to fall into ruin and decay amidst his unchristian wars. In the far distance rise the purple mountains and the Sierra Nevada pearly white beneath the noonday sun, or bathed in rose and crimson as the reflection of sunset falls over its snowy ranges. The scene is vividly portrayed in the "Spanish Gypsy": —

> "The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
> Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
> Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs
> Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
> Of cactus green and blue sworded aloes;
> The cypress soaring black above the lines
> Of white court-walls; the pointed sugar-canes,
> Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
> In the warm quiet; all thought-teaching form
> Utters itself in firm unshimmering lines."

We entered the Alhambra only to look out from it upon the beauties of its environment. There are treasures of beauty within, which must wait for another chapter.

XXIII

THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA

IRVING'S AUTOGRAPH — SENTENCES FROM THE KORAN — THE COURTS AND HALLS — ROMANCE AND REALITY

THE Alhambra is full of surprises, and the entrance to the palace is one of the greatest of them. The huge, unfinished, modern palace of Charles V. is an unexpected feature in the midst of Moorish architecture and surroundings; but the Alhambra palace is so concealed behind it that the traveller would hardly suspect its existence. This palace formerly occupied a much larger space than at present and had two suites of apartments, for winter and summer respectively. It had then four courts; the winter portion was where the palace of Charles V. stands, the summer palace was on the north, along the heights above the Darro and in full view of the snowy mountains. The present entrance is by a narrow lane to some low-roofed buildings, and then through a small, insignificant doorway. The stranger pauses in the hall within, where the guardian of the palace receives his fee, and offers for inspection and record the album of the place. We spent a few moments in looking at the autographs of distinguished men, and when we had found that of Washington

THE ALHAMBRA—THE COURT OF LIONS.

Irving, with the date 1829, were satisfied to move on.

The first visit to the Alhambra is like a dream in fairy-land or an enchantment. I did not go into hysterics, as De Amicis and some others seem to have done, nor did a sense of the romantic prevent me from a serene and practical enjoyment of the manifold delights of the place. But all desire to analyze the different parts of the palace, to study it with a ground plan, or to do tourist or professional work in observing and describing the courts and halls, the fountains and arabesques, immediately passed away. It seemed as if the duty of the hour — for even in such a place a conscientious traveller thinks of duty — was to see and to enjoy. And so we went on from court to court, from one hall into another, gazing at sculptured walls and ceilings, at exquisite tiles, and delicate lacework of flowers and geometric patterns, at visions of artistic beauty within, and beautiful views through superbly formed windows, and looking into rooms where pious sentences and maxims from the Koran were blended with choice traceries. Such are some of these sentences: "There is no conqueror but God," "God is our refuge," "The glory of the empire belongs to God," "There are no gifts among you but those of God," "Blessing," "Felicity," "Perpetual salvation." These are repeated on walls and capitals of columns, and combined and interwoven in the most varied and intricate patterns with Oriental decoration. It is impossible not to interpret these records religiously, and not to believe that they reveal the reverential and grateful feelings

with which the Moors regarded the one only living God, whose greatness and goodness they thus inscribed upon the walls of their most beautiful buildings. Yet here we meditated, of necessity, upon the inconsistency of man; for in these rooms, whose walls are inscribed with sacred sentiments, and whose ceilings are gilded and starred like a heaven, among these white and elegant palm-like marble pillars, with the blue of the heavens overarching the courts and the pure water of the Sierra rising in myriad forms of beauty in patios and gardens, scenes of cruelty and lust and barbarity have been enacted over and over again. Besides these tragedies, the palace of the Alhambra has witnessed softer scenes of love and poetry, gorgeous pageants, and those gatherings of beauty and rank where delicious music, and the glitter of priceless jewels, and the forms of fair women and brave men added life and joy and glory to the matchless environment.

All these have passed away and are only food for reveries and musings which delight the vagrant fancy, as we sit in the morning in the "Court of the Myrtles," watching the goldfish, or stand at sunset in the shadow of a carved window and see the crimson crown on the mountains, or pace to and fro under the colonnade of the "Court of the Lions," when the moon floats above it in the air, like the Moor's crescent symbol, while the shadows deepen, and all is still except the twitter of the martlets in their tower or the notes of the nightingale from the near gardens.

One cannot remain long in the Alhambra with-

out becoming sensible of its romantic influence. It is in the very air, and in spite of gypsies and beggars and a hundred practical distractions, which are more importunate and exigent in Spain than almost anywhere else, the moment one can get away alone, whether in the gardens of the Generalife, or in the palace courts, or in the grounds of a private villa, the spirit of the past asserts its control; then history, which is more wonderful than the Arabian Nights, and legends which Irving has dressed with poetic skill, and the poetry of imagination, which has woven a subtle spell around this royal fortress, come thronging into the mind, and the most prosaic traveller becomes rhythmic, while the painter, the poet, and the scholar enjoy the delicious sentiments which fill and sway them, as only fine natures and cultured souls can be moved and enriched. But as the spirit of the Alhambra can hardly be transported across the Atlantic, I may not leave it without a glance into its beauties, which shall be more descriptive than sentimental. First, then, from the entrance hall one proceeds, by turning, to the Court of the Myrtles, also called the Court of Blessing. This is an oblong open court one hundred and forty feet long by seventy-four feet wide. In the centre, filling a large portion of the patio, is a long pond, set in the marble pavement and full of goldfish. The edges are bordered with grass and a carefully trimmed hedge of myrtles. On the north and south sides are galleries supported by a marble colonnade. Over the south gallery is a second one, and the principal entrance was beneath on the right, until the

modern palace blocked it up. The pillars which support this gallery are light and graceful, and each capital is different; slender arches, like bending palm branches, spring from these capitals, and at the base of each the words "Perpetual Salvation" are inscribed in Cufic characters. From this court the lofty tower of Comares is seen rising above the roof, and this tower and the colonnades are reflected in the crystal mirror of the water. This must have been a most beautiful entrance to the palace, where optical effects produced by brilliant gilding and vivid colors, water, light, and shade, combined to lend their enchantment.

The Hall of the Ambassadors is the largest in the Alhambra, and occupies the whole of the tower of Comares. It is thirty-seven feet square and seventy-five feet high in its central dome. This was the throne room of the caliph. *Azuelos* of varied colors wainscot the walls for four feet from the pavement, and above this they are covered with stucco work of the most delicate patterns, mingled with coats of arms and inscriptions. These walls are of immense thickness, so that the window recesses are like small doorless rooms. The ceiling was originally a wonderful work of stucco, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, porphyry, and jasper. This, having been destroyed, has been replaced by a ceiling of wood, with inlaid work of white, blue, and gold, made in the shape of circles, crowns, and stars. There is a glorious panorama from the windows. The floors, which are now of common material, were once of polished alabaster.

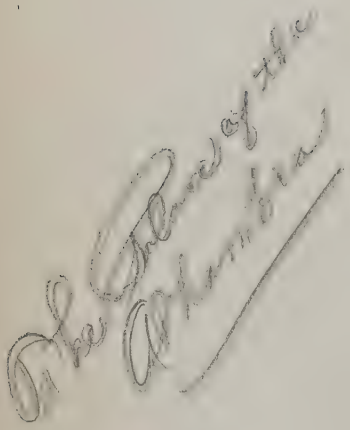
The Court of the Lions — so called because of the fountain which is supported by twelve beasts, which are to be looked at not as works of art, but simply as symbols of strength — is familiar to all. This court has been drawn and painted and photographed from almost every point of view, and described architecturally, artistically, and rhetorically. It impresses one as small until he has walked around it, then he begins to notice the harmony and exquisite elegance of all its parts, and accepts the statement that it is the most perfect Moorish court in existence. This oblong court is surrounded by galleries supported upon one hundred and twenty-eight white marble columns, alternately isolated and in pairs. There are two projecting pavilions, elaborately ornamented and roofed with domes. The fountain in the centre is a superb alabaster basin with a smaller basin above. A poem is engraved upon the lower basin in praise of the founder of the court. A pipe sticks out of each lion's mouth, and the general effect of the fountain in operation is said to be fine; but we did not see the lions spouting. The Hall of the Abencerrages opens into this court, with an exquisite door and a honeycomb stalactite roof. It was here that the last but one of the Moorish sovereigns made the Christian maiden, Isabel de Solis, his wife, under the title of Zoraya, "the Morning Star."

The discarded sultana, imprisoned in the tower of Comares, sought safety for her son, Boabdil, by letting him down from a window, by night, into the ravine of the Darro. The powerful family of the Abencerrages espoused the cause of Zoraya, the

Zegris that of Ayesha, the mother of Boabdil. In 1482 Boabdil dethroned his father; and, instead of making friends of the hostile clan, he is said to have beheaded thirty-four of their chiefs, whom he had invited to a banquet in the Court of the Lions. The surviving family joined Ferdinand and Isabella, and Ayesha girded her son for defensive battle with a sacred sword. It was in vain. The place was taken January 2, 1492, and Boabdil, having given up the keys of the fortress and prostrated himself before his conquerors, departed forever from the stronghold and palace of his ancestors by the gate of the Siete Suelos, which was walled up in accordance with his request. From the lofty height of the Alpuxarras, which is still known as "the last sigh of the Moor," he gazed with streaming eyes upon the beautiful Alhambra, while his stern mother, embittered by the misfortunes of the son for whom she had labored and sacrificed in vain, spoke the bitter words, "It is well that you should weep as a woman for what you could not defend as a man."

The "Hall of Justice," with its wonderful ornamentation and curious paintings upon skins adorning the ceiling; the "Hall of the Two Sisters," with the boudoir of the sultana at one end; the royal bathrooms, and the mesquite, or mosque, and its court, have each their peculiar beauties of form and decoration, and legends and traditions of special interest. Books have been written about them all, and Señor Contreras was employed by the government for many years in discovering and renewing the adornments of walls and ceilings, and in repairing the ravages of

decay and time. A recent fire damaged a small part of the building; but it is being again repaired, and there is reason to hope that this characteristic and beautiful Moorish palace will be preserved for the study and delight of generations to come.



XXIV

WALLS AND TOWERS

THE BELL TOWER AND ITS VIEW — THE TOWER OF THE PRINCESSES — THE CAPTIVE'S TOWER — THE SIETE SUELOS AND THE BURIED TREASURE

THE fortress of the Alhambra is a walled circuit about half a mile long and seven hundred feet wide. The walls rise to the height of about thirty feet and are five feet thick. At intervals there are towers, to the number of twelve or more, of which the entrance tower of the Gate of Justice and the "Siete Suelos," or seven stories, out of which Boabdil passed to exile, have already been mentioned. Some of these are well worth a visit, both on account of their situation, their exquisite interiors, and their legendary history.

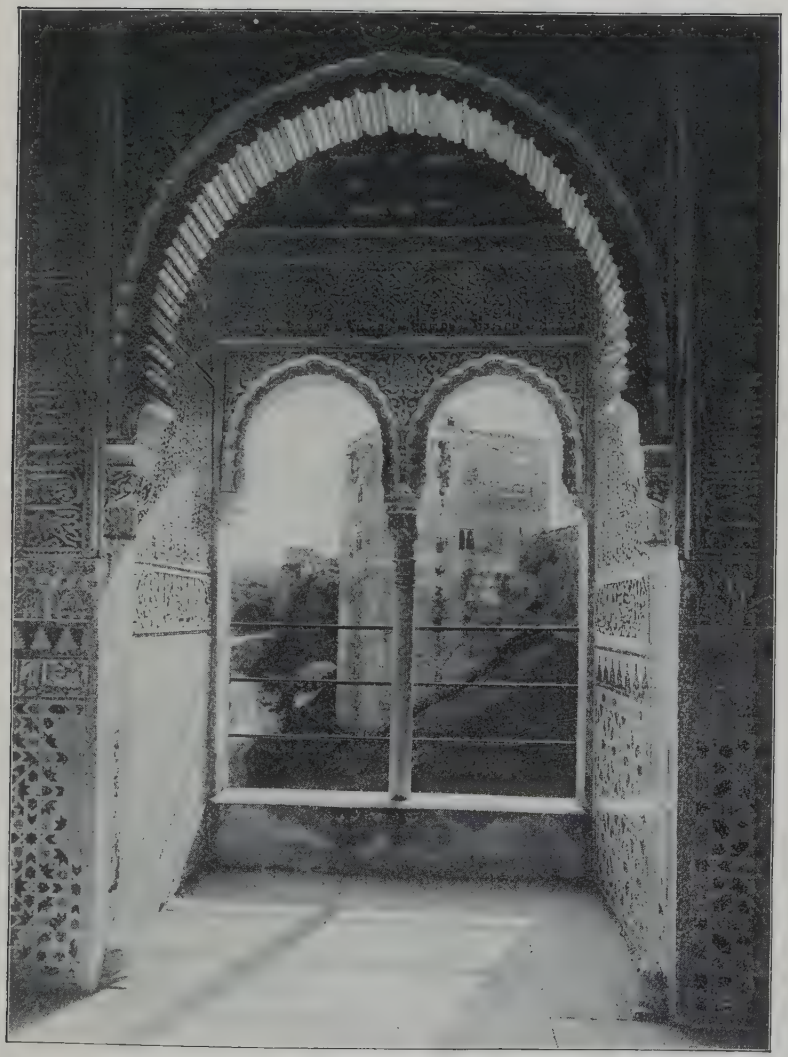
The Torre de la Vela, which is near the palace, and the last one on the southern point of the promontory, offers the best view from the Alhambra. It contains a bell, which rings to announce to the peasants how long they can use the waters of the river for the irrigation of their fields. This has been a custom from the days of the Moors. On this tower the standard of the Christian conquerors was first raised, and a cross carved in the wall marks the place of the symbol of victory. On the anniversary of this conquest, the second of January, a fête is held

in the Alhambra, the fountains play in the Court of the Lions, and the fortress is full of peasants. There is a superstition connected with the festival that any maiden who ascends the Torre de la Vela, and strikes the bell, will be married within the year, and the harder she strikes, the better will be the husband. Mr. Finck, who was at the Alhambra on January second a year or two since, says that from the noise made on this day it has been inferred that marriage is not regarded as a failure by the unmarried women of Spain.

Visitors who stay long at Granada come often to this outlook for the sunset views, which are extremely beautiful. We copy the description of the view from "Studies in Local Color," by the artist to whom allusion has just been made. "Below lies the Alhambra, so unpromising in its exterior, so fairy-like in its interior, and beyond, to the right, are the Spanish Alps, the Sierra Nevada, powdered with snow, and rising twelve thousand feet into the air. On the other side lies the city of Granada, grouped about its giant religious guardian, the cathedral, and along the hill to the right can be seen the habitations of the gypsies, dug into the mountain side. Beyond the city, almost as far as the eye can reach, extends the fertile green plain, studded with villages, gardens, orchards, and farms. . . . Nothing could be more fascinating than sitting here and reading the story of Granada, with a bird's-eye view of the real battle-grounds before him in place of a map. But when the sun begins to sink the book must be shut, for then the æsthetic sense claims a monopoly of the attention. The snow of a sudden assumes a delicate

rose tint, like the Swiss *Alpglühen*, while the lower mountain chain on the opposite side, behind which the sun is slowly disappearing, looks like a coal-black silhouette, contrasting vividly with the green sunset sky. For a quarter of an hour this scene may be enjoyed, when all at once the rosy blush on the Sierras disappears, leaving the snow more deadly pale than it had seemed before."

The Torre de las Infantas, which is the scene of Irving's legend of the three beautiful princesses, has been carefully repaired; its elaborate decorations, delicate tracery, and machicolated roof are restored to their pristine loveliness. A portico leads into a central hall with a marble fountain, lofty arches, and elegant dome. A pretty gallery runs around the central court, and exquisitely graceful arched windows light the rooms and afford superb prospects. "This," said my companion, "shall be the model for our summer residence; on a Berkshire hill, or in an Adirondack glen, we will build a tower just like this. It will be perfectly lovely!" We agreed about it then, but after looking at the Berkshire hill I do not think the Spanish tower would be a suitable structure for the place, and I fear that a log-cabin in the Adirondacks will be the only outcome of the Torre en España. This tower was the reputed residence of the daughters of the Moorish kings, and the legend is that three princesses were once shut up in the tower by their father, a tyrant of Granada, being only permitted to ride out at night about the hills, and that no one was allowed to come near them upon pain of death. In spite of the tyrant's vigilance, the



THE ALHAMBRA—WINDOW OF ISABEL DE SOLÍS.

princesses were seen by some Christian knights, and the flame of love burned equally in the hearts of men and maidens. Under such conditions there was nothing to be thought of but escape, and by the aid of a faithful or unfaithful servant (according to the standpoint), two of the princesses succeeded in descending from the lofty windows and fleeing upon swift horses with their lovers. The courage of the third sister failed at the critical moment. Mourning her lack of courage, she died young, and was buried beneath the tower. According to the account of Irving's little old fairy queen, "occasionally when the moon is full, the princesses may be seen riding in lonely places along the mountain side, on palfreys richly caparisoned and sparkling with jewels, but they vanish on being spoken to."

The "Tower of the Captive" has a more veritable history. There is little doubt that it was for some time the residence of the Doña Isabel de Solis, who became the favorite wife of Abu Hassan. He called her Zoraya, "the Morning Star." It is said to have derived its name, however, from a Christian captive, who was carried off by Abul Walid Ismael from Algeciras, a century before. This captive maiden, when she found no other means of escaping from the design of the king to make her his sultana, threw herself from the tower window into the ravine below, where her lifeless form was discovered by the knight, who had arrived too late to rescue her. The interior of this tower has been repaired where needful. Its slender arches, glistening tiles, wonderful arabesque, and inscriptions from the Koran are well

preserved, or have been conscientiously restored. One of its most beautiful double-arched windows, divided by a slender column, looks across the deep moat or ravine to the tower of the princesses; the thickness of the wall forms a deep window-recess, whose sides and ceilings are elaborately covered with the finest kind of stucco work, gilded and painted, and wainscoted from the floor up with ancient *azuelos*. We spent hours in this and a few of the other towers, never tiring of the varied beauties of the interior, and of the charming pictures of landscape, and ruined wall overgrown with vines and herbage, and distant hills and lofty mountains, which were framed in the unglazed windows and came out clear and well defined in the beautiful atmosphere of Granada. Every tower has its legend or cluster of legends. The Siete Suelos, besides the story which makes it the scene of Boabdil's exit, has the tale, so often told, that beneath its romantic ruins two Moors sit guarding a heavy chest full of gold and jewels. As the tower is close to the hotel, and a part of its wall is used for store-rooms of tools and water-pots and other agricultural implements, I am quite sure that the Moors and their treasures, if they were ever there, have long since passed away. My window looked out upon this tower, and I am prepared to testify that its lower story is anything but a treasure-house of gold or romance, and that the only Moor who guards the treasures in that neighborhood now sits in the office, and makes out the bills of travellers who eat the *rissotto* and drink the Malaga wine at his comfortable hotel.

XXV

THE GENERALIFE

AN ITALIAN VILLA IN SPAIN — CRYSTAL WATERS AND CYPRESS ARCHES — PICTURES OF HEROES — A CLOSED CHAPTER — THE CAMPO SANTO — GYPSIES AND THEIR TRICKS

A FEW minutes' walk from the hotels of the Alhambra brings one to an iron gateway, which opens into the grounds and gardens of the estate now owned by the Italian Grimaldi-Gentili, better known as the Pallavicini family of Genoa. The name of the palace is Generalife, a word derived from the Arabic *Gennatu l'Arif*, meaning, "the Garden of the Architect." A long, level walk through vineyards and an avenue of cypresses leads to the villa, which is so situated as to command wide views of Granada and of the broad and fertile valley of the Xenil. These lovely landscapes have been highly extolled by travellers, but I cannot agree with those who prefer them to the prospects from the palace of the Alhambra. They are more distant and from a higher point, and include the Alhambra, which lies just beneath; they embrace the distant horizon of mountains, and form a dreamy world, all glittering to the eye in summer sunshine. The charms of the Generalife seemed to lie in its gardens and sparkling

waters, and in its quiet and retirement from the neighborhood of a great city. The pure stream of the Darro has been conducted in a deep canal to this villa, and pours a full and rushing river through its court. The rapid waters flow beneath a series of evergreen arches, formed by yew-trees cut and bent into curious shapes. Shining orange and lemon trees, with their golden fruit, grow in the gardens of the court, contrasting with the spear-pointed and sombre cypresses as laughing maidens beside stiff and grim warriors. A long gallery, decorated with slender pillars and seventeen graceful arches, forms the left side, overlooking the Alhambra, and were it not for the whitewash, which is thickly daubed over walls and ceiling, the beautiful Moorish work of long ago might add its ornamental arabesques to the natural loveliness of the place and its surroundings. There is one room, an exquisite boudoir, with a dome, a decorated ceiling, and stuccoed walls which look like the openworked leaves of a Chinese fan, that gives a hint of what might be found beneath the lime-wash of the other rooms. Beyond the uninteresting chapel are some modern rooms, and in one long hall are hung a number of portraits of rulers and warriors who were famous in the conquest of Granada. Most of them are wretched daubs, but we were asked to believe that they represented Ferdinand and Isabella, Ponce de Leon, the gallant marquis of Cadiz, and Garcilsaso de la Vega, the legendary hero of a hand-to-hand encounter with Tarfe, a giant Moor. The portrait of Boabdil is also offered to the faith of credulous visitors, and if

he looked like his picture I do not wonder that he lost his throne. The place has descended to the present proprietor, the Marquis of Campotejar, of the Grimaldi family, by marriage, from the house of Avila, to which it was given by Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom the ancestor offered his services. An elaborate genealogical tree of the Grimaldi family hangs proudly beside a portrait of Don Pedro de Granada Venegas, the first proprietor, and his son is also represented in the act of trampling on the Moorish flags.

Beyond the first court of the Generalife is a staircase, leading to the Court of the Cypresses, where is a pond surrounded with rose hedges, and a garden full of vines and flowers. Waters fall with soft murmurs down marble slopes, and these ancient cypress-trees are said to have witnessed the love scenes of Zoraya and the Abencerrage. At the summit of the marble stairs there is a *mirador*, or look-out, where, amid flowers, fragrance, sweet sounds, and glorious landscapes, an artist or poet may dream the hours away. Beyond this palace, in the Moorish times, were others, beside which even the Alhambra was insignificant — the sumptuous Alijares, the far-famed villa Dar-laroca, Palace of the Bride, and the Palace of the River on the slope towards the Xenil. Even the ruins of these are gone, except some remains of a mosque and of several tanks, and scattered stones. Everything speaks of a wonderful and romantic chapter in the history of mankind which will never be rewritten, of a unique and brilliant race which has forever passed away, of a sensual civiliza-

tion whose day is done, and which doubtless is more bewitching as we see it in the moonlight of the past than it would be if we were gazing upon it in the full glare of the noonday of the present.

A short walk from the gateway of the Generalife brings one to the Campo Santo and into the hills, where the gypsies live in huts and caves dug out of the steep slopes. The funerals in the Campo Santo are not specially different from the same class of funerals in all the Roman Catholic countries of Southern Europe, and the horrible stories of fights among the relatives of the deceased for the clothing of the corpse, of robberies by gypsies, and the assassination of travellers in the graveyard, may be dismissed as doubtful legends which have no semblance of truth now. Those who have seen the careless burials of the poor in any save Protestant lands, and sometimes even in these, would see nothing novel or sensational in the Granada cemetery. The better part of the place has streets of tombs, and there are crypts along the walls with family names over them and shelves or niches in front, as in Italy, for wreaths and pictures and votive offerings.

The gypsy quarter is unique in its suggestions of all that is disgusting and repulsive. They have burrowed into the hillside, and cut out holes in the rock. In these "dug-outs" they herd with pigs, chickens, and goats; and from such dens they come forth to prey by all the arts known to their cunning and unscrupulous race upon travellers and strangers in particular, and indiscriminately upon all whom they can deceive and plunder without too serious

risk. The tourist who enters their holes might well expect to leave, not "hope," but all articles of value behind; and, if he should be cajoled into buying the wretched stuffs which the gypsies sometimes offer as ancient and rare, he will repent of his folly for more reasons than one. They beg, tell fortunes, and steal; and the doorways of their innumerable caves are surrounded by half-naked children, grovelling in the dust, quarrelling and chattering, when they are not persecuting the passers-by for money.

The gypsies are persistent, keen, and shrewd, and doubtless practise begging as one of the fine arts. A story is told that illustrates their originality and cleverness, even in their vices. A gypsy man was at confession one day, and, whilst he was confessing, he spied in the pocket of the monk's habit a silver snuffbox, and stole it. "Father," he said immediately to the priest, "I accuse myself of having stolen a snuffbox." "Then, my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my Father?" "I? certainly not," answered the confessor. "The fact is," proceeded the gypsy, "that I have offered it to the owner, and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," answered the priest, and the gypsy went off with his confessor's snuffbox and a clean bill of spiritual health.

The gypsies are not the only cave-dwellers, for Mrs. Bishop, in her recent book of travels in Persia, frequently alludes to riding over whole villages which were excavated in the mountain sides, and tells of the methods of living in these earth dwellings; but they are in all things a peculiar people, in

looks, in habits, and in their relation to the rest of mankind. They seem far more at home in Hungary and Spain than in any other part of Europe, but they belong of right to the Orient, and are Ishmaelites in any thorough civilization.

XXVI

GRANADA

THE TOWN AND ITS PEOPLE — THE CATHEDRAL — CAPILLA REAL — ROYAL TOMBS — FERDINAND AND ISABELLA — PHILIP AND CRAZY JANE — IRRIGATION — THE ALAMEDA

We had given most of our time in Granada to the Alhambra, the Generalife, and the beautiful gardens of the Casa de Calderon, a private villa, commanding lovely views of the vega, and affording delicious retreats in shady bowers, by rippling fountains, and orange orchards. Yet we made occasional excursions into the town, and saw the people in their velvet jackets and bright sashes, the markets, and the silk bazar, the churches, and, above all, the Cathedral, with its historic and magnificent Chapel Royal.

The Cathedral was built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, being begun by Diego de Sioloe, and continued by his pupils. It is at once a noble and peculiar structure. It stands between the Plaza de Bibarrambla and that of Las Pasiegas, the main entrance being in the latter square. It was built on the site of the great mosque, most Spanish Christian temples having a similar origin. The interior is grand, the pillars massive but in perfect

keeping with the ideas of vastness and height which pervade the rest.

There are two aisles on either side the nave, which is of great width, — forty to fifty feet, — and ends in a majestic dome which rises two hundred and twenty feet and opens with a noble arch (one hundred and ninety feet) into the choir. This dome is ornamented in white and gold. The groined roof of the nave and double aisles is supported by Corinthian pillars, the choir is in the middle, and the high altar stands by itself with kneeling effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella at the sides.

The Royal Chapel adjoins the Cathedral, and is an object of special interest. An inscription around the cornice states that "this chapel was founded by the most Catholic Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, King and Queen of Spain, of Naples, of Sicily and Jerusalem, who conquered this kingdom and brought it back to our faith; who acquired the Canary Isles and Indies, as well as the cities of Oran, Tripoli and Bugia; who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms and reformed religion. The Queen died Nov. 26, 1504. The King died Jan. 23, 1516. The building was completed in 1517."

This chapel was built by Philip of Borgoña, and his style is evident in the groups of slender pillars terminating at the capitals in palm branches that spread over the roof. A magnificent *reja* by Bartolomé of Jaen screens off the tombs of the kings from the rest of the building.

In this royal chapel we read the story of the con-

quest from the bas-reliefs of the *retablo*. Here is Queen Isabella riding on a white horse, with King Ferdinand on one side and Cardinal Mendoza, riding a mule, upon the other side, going to receive the surrender of Granada. Boabdil presents the keys. Ladies, knights, and spearmen are just behind, and in the distance the dispirited and defeated Moors are issuing from the gates. In another marble scene a crowd of Moors are receiving baptism from a company of tonsured monks. In front of these sculptures are the alabaster tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella upon the right, and those of Philip and Joanna, known as "Crazy Jane," upon the left. These mausoleums of Carrara marble are superbly wrought by Italian artists. Ferdinand and Isabella lie side by side upon a lofty sarcophagus. The four doctors of the church adorn the corners, and twelve apostles the sides; while figures of children, and foliage, and delicate ornamentation enrich every portion with exquisite details. The figures of the king and queen, in soft cream-colored alabaster, are noble and beautiful. Ferdinand wears the garter, and Isabella the cross of Santiago. The figure of Isabella is a fitting memorial to one of whom Lord Bacon declared that "in all her relations of queen or woman she was an honor to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain," and whom Shakespeare called "the queen of earthly queens."

> "If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
> Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government,
> Obeying in commanding, and thy parts,
> Sovereign and pious, else could speak thee out
> The Queen of earthly queens."

She died far from Granada, but desired to be buried here in the brightest pearl of her crown. Her people worshipped her and Peter Martyr, writing from the chamber where she lay a-dying, thus gives utterance to the universal anxiety and grief: "You ask me of the state of the Queen's health. We all sit in the palace all day sorrowing, and tremblingly await the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow whither she is now going. She so far exceeds all human excellence that there is scarcely anything mortal left in her. Hers can hardly be called death — it is rather the passing into a nobler and higher existence, which should excite our envy instead of our sorrow. She leaves a world filled with her renown, and goes to enjoy a life everlasting with her God in heaven. I write in the alternation of hope and fear, while her breath is still fluttering within her."

Beside the mausoleum of Ferdinand and Isabella is an equally elegant one of their daughter and her husband, Philip of Burgundy. It was his coffin that "Crazy Jane" carried about with her everywhere, as jealous of his lifeless dust as she was of his handsome body in the lifetime of her husband. For forty-seven years she never allowed the body to be removed from her, travelling with this curious luggage, watching it, and often embracing it with the wild passion of a disordered mind. The restless widow, who thus madly mourned for nearly half a century, lies at last peacefully in her coffin, beside the travelled casket, now at rest also; and the dust of Ferdinand and Isa-

bella is, with that of their children and a grandchild, in the vault beneath the sarcophagi.

In the sacristy we were shown many relics and memorials, such as standards, swords, crowns, ecclesiastical garments, and missals. Much uncertainty always attaches in my mind to this kind of collections, and though the traveller who believes all that he is told enjoys much more than the doubter, I am sometimes obliged to choose between credulous pleasure and self-respecting incredulity. There are fourteen other chapels in the cathedral, with paintings of more or less interest, superb marbles and carvings; but after one has seen the historic Capilla Real, the appetite for less important and beautiful things is stayed.

So we went forth into the square, and, nimbly avoiding a host of beggars, secured a wretched carriage with excellent horses, and drove off to the Alameda and beyond. It was towards sunset, and the irrigations were beginning. A rush of waters filled the ditches and channels which are made in all the fields, and we could hear the thirsty earth suck up the refreshing and life-giving liquid as we drove along. One region was flooded for a certain length of time according to the sum paid for water, and then the sluice was closed and another opened. Peasants were in some fields, directing the waters with rude hoes or shovels. Other fields seemed left to take care of themselves.

The Alameda, near the meeting of the waters of the Darro and the Xenil, is the public promenade. Here, while a military band played, well-dressed

people walked and lounged about, the ladies flirting their fans with a dexterity and meaning not seen outside of Spain, and the gentlemen attending with punctilious etiquette. At one end of the Alameda there are gardens and fountains, and the place must be a delightful resort in the summer evenings after the hot sun has sunk and a gentle breeze begins to blow from the snowy Sierra.

XXVII

GRANADA TO MALAGA

LEAVING THE ALHAMBRA — GRAND SCENERY — A LAND OF FRUIT AND WINE — PICTURESQUE PEASANTS — THE SIROCCO — A CHURCH IN A CEMETERY — ENGLISH CHURCHES IN FOREIGN LANDS — THE OLD AND NEW TOWN — THE ALAMEDA — THE CATHEDRAL — A NONDESCRIPT — THE PRAYER OF A DYING MOOR — WINE MAKING AND WINE DRINKING — CLIMATE AND HEALTH

We left the Alhambra with regret, for it was a green spot in our pilgrimage through Spain. There are two trains for Bobadilla and Malaga, one of which leaves about six, and the other at half-past nine in the morning. The former accomplishes the journey in six hours, the latter in nine hours. The number of miles from Granada to Malaga is about one hundred and twenty. We took the slow train, because, to take the fast train, it would have been necessary for us to rise by four o'clock at our hotel in the Alhambra, in order to reach the railway station in Granada by six, so slowly do people and things move in old Spain.

As it was, the donkey waked us with his melodious bray at four, but we slept again till seven; and by half-past eight we had satisfied the landlord of "Los Siete Suelos," the beggars at the door, and the

gypsy girls who followed us through the avenues of trees to the Granada gate, throwing roses, and telling the fortunes of the ladies, and begging money with an impudence of words and gesture which can be paralleled by no other class of mendicants. They are a handsome and wicked race, and it seems as if they were descended from the devil. They steal and lie, and are the terror of the place, for they will rob the traveller of all his portable property if they have the ghost of a chance.

Climbing into the ancient omnibus with its low front wheels, which aggravated the pitch of the craft in a downhill drive, we committed ourselves to the care, or neglect rather, of five cantankerous mules and a driver who delighted to aggravate them, to be whirled, and swung, and jolted down to the railway station. Thanks to a clear road and a kind Providence, we arrived in safety at the railway in good time; and after the usual baggage weighing and paying, and deliberate ticket stamping, we entered the train. We had a railway carriage to ourselves, for all the passengers were going third-class, and at noon we made tea and ate our lunch as the train meandered along through the fine scenery of Granada. About four o'clock we came to Bobadilla, where we exchanged the slow train for the express which runs from Cordova to Malaga. The scenery from this point till we reached the neighborhood of the Mediterranean Sea was very fine. We passed through tunnels and gorges, and the wildest and most desolate scenery, only to emerge into a region of beauty. Orange orchards filled the air with per-

MALAGA—THE ALAMEDA.

fume, palm-trees and acacia-trees, and trees of geranium and heliotrope covered with blossoms, and rose vines mantling walls with masses of their brilliant and fragrant flowers, and the purple Judas-flowers overshadowing arbors, and cypresses trained into all sorts of shapes, and fountains of water flowing everywhere were but some of the features in a paradisiacal landscape. At the stations and along the road were picturesque groups of peasants, beautiful in spite of rags, with dark eyes and olive skins, muleteers with leather leggings, and teamsters with velvet hats, and loose cotton trousers hardly reaching to the knee.

Through the wild ravines we rode, sometimes in a dark tunnel, and anon along the shelf of a mountain high above a river whose dashing we could hear when the stream was invisible far below. As we approached Malaga, the mountain sides were dotted with white villas nestling among vineyards that climbed from the bottom of the valleys to the very summits. Far as the eye could reach, the vineyards stretched in every direction, acres upon acres of green vines. These are not the clambering vines of the poet, but short stubs set a few feet apart in regular rows. Around each root is a little trench, or basin, to gather and retain the precious water which is the condition of their life and the source of their rich product. Every foot of earth is planted; even where water has furrowed the steep height, the industry of man has filled the rift and covered the ridge of red soil with grape-vines. Malaga grapes are known the world over; the clusters of delicious

green, oval-shaped berries full of sweet juice, which we have so often seen packed in brown kegs full of cork dust, grow here, upon these mountains which slope to the southern sun and wash their feet in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Not only for exportation in brown kegs, nor chiefly for the manufacture of sweet wine, are these vineyards bearing their fruit. This is the great place for the raisin industry, and hundreds of thousands of boxes of these delicacies are sent from the port of Malaga each year. Oranges, and lemons, and figs, and almonds grow also in profusion; but the great harvest of the hillsides is the grape harvest, which, in the form of grapes, and raisins, and sweet wine, goes out on the wings of commerce throughout the world.

At six o'clock in the evening we reached Malaga, thoroughly tired and ready for a good hotel, which fortunately we found. The sirocco wind had been blowing for twenty-four hours. This dry and warm wind causes lassitude and languor, and the change from the bracing air of Granada was very trying. Even in the daytime it caused a disposition to sleep, and any exertion was exhausting. As our first day in Malaga was the Sabbath, we sought and found the English Church, and had refreshment there for both body and mind. The Church is a little Grecian temple in the English cemetery outside of the walls of the town, and the cemetery is a lovely garden full of trees and flowers, where any one could lie and sleep the last long sleep with sweet content. There was a pleasant company of English and American Christians in this Protestant temple on Sunday

morning, and among them we found, most unexpectedly, friends with whom it was our lot to take some pleasant and eventful journeyings by sea and land in the succeeding weeks.

I have often remarked upon the satisfaction which the American traveller who is a Christian has in availing himself of the excellent custom which the English people have of establishing a place of worship wherever they go. In Spain we should have been utterly without "the means of grace" in a language which we could understand, but for the chapel of the embassy at Madrid and a few such places as this at Malaga. Wherever there is an English embassy there is sure to be a Sabbath service, and in many places where there is only a consulate there is also a room plainly fitted and furnished for the worship of Almighty God. The promise, "Them that honor me, I will honor," has been abundantly fulfilled to that great and prosperous nation, chief of the Christian powers of Europe, which carries the worship of the true God wherever her armies march or her flag is planted, and perhaps nowhere more significantly in past history than in this very land of Spain.

Malaga lies upon a fertile plain, which is sheltered by hills and mountains from the cold blasts of the Sierra Nevada. The white and picturesque town sweeps around a bay of the blue Mediterranean, which is guarded by forts bristling with guns, and dominated by the Moorish citadel upon a lofty hill. There stands the lighthouse, which throws its bright beams far out over the sea, and from this point the

traveller obtains the finest views of city, sea, and mountains, a panorama well worth the laborious climb. The city is composed of two portions, the old and the new town. The old town is away from the shore, and is made up of dark, narrow, and winding streets, irregular open places, and low, windowless houses. The new town has wide and handsome streets, with fine shops and houses, is bright and gay, and has as its chief beauty the delightful Alameda, a broad and handsome avenue with a promenade in the centre under noble trees, with fountains and stone seats, and people always there, chatting and listening to music in the shade.

Not far from the bay, on the site of the former mosque, rises the massive Cathedral, an enormous, irregular, unmeaning pile, begun in 1528 and never completed. Architect after architect has disfigured the building by inharmonious designs, and it now furnishes a lamentable example of all the defects of the worst periods of art. The western front has two towers, one of which rises like a telescope about three hundred feet into the air, and is crowned with a little dome, while its companion is an unfinished dwarf. The length of the main building is three hundred and seventy-four feet; it is two hundred and forty-three feet broad; and it is one hundred and thirty-two feet high. There are seven entrances, and a number of curious little cupolas on the roof. There is nothing inside which is worth seeing except the wood carving in the choir, and this is very elaborate, the figures of Virgin and Child, the twelve Apostles, and more than forty saints being wrought

out of mahogany and cedar, in the best style of legendary art. There is also, within, a great deal of marble, and gilding, and fresco painting, and there are some poor pictures. Upon the whole, we thought the Malaga Cathedral the poorest which we had seen in Spain.

The place is very ancient, and its history full of interest to the student. Phœnicians and Romans, Visigoths and Berbers, have held sway in Malaga. It has always been a prosperous seaport, but was most rich and beautiful under the Moors. They loved its beautiful climate and the bounties of its generous soil. Their writers speak with enthusiasm of Malaga's fine markets, and important trade, and varied resources; of its delicious grapes, the pomegranates like rubies, the orange groves of wonderful beauty, and the gilt porcelain which was exported to the ends of the earth. Though forbidden by the Koran to drink the wine, the Moors were not prohibited from praising it, and Al Makari tells this story of a dying Moor, whom the priest was urging to pray to Allah; yielding to his entreaties, the Berber chief exclaimed, "Allah, of all things which thou hast in Paradise, I only ask for two; grant me to drink this Malaga Xarab and the Zebibi of Seville." These two sweet wines filled all of his desires. These wines are not so good as formerly, or tastes have changed; for the wine is now more used for medicinal and ecclesiastical purposes than for drinking. Perhaps also the ravages of the phylloxera, which has damaged the grape and raisin business so much in recent years, have had a bad effect upon the quality of the wine.

A great deal is still made and sold here. We visited one large and sumptuous establishment, and the polite proprietor seemed pleased to explain the processes of wine making, and would fain have had us sample all his choice vintages, and especially desired us to taste a sweet wine made of the mandarin orange. He could not understand why wine should not be used as freely as bread and olive oil. We understood his surprise when we told him of our temperance legislation and its necessity, for we had seen no intemperance or drunkenness in Spain. Drunkenness is the vice of cold climates, rather than of the lands of oil and wine; indolence and voluptuousness are the special sins of these warmer climes.

This leads me to say a few words about the climate of Malaga. Physicians have for many years considered it the best of all places for persons with delicate lungs and consumptive tendencies. The temperature in winter is about fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Thus Malaga is about eight degrees warmer than Rome, Nice, and the Riviera, and five degrees colder than Madeira, Cairo, or Malta. There are only two or three degrees of variation in the temperature during the winter months. Constant sunshine envelops the place. A careful record for many years gives only an average of twenty-nine days in the year on which rain has fallen, and on some of these days it only rained for a few hours. A resident physician says that there are not ten days during the whole year when rain would prevent an invalid from taking exercise. This extreme dryness of the climate, which is so favorable for the cure of diseases of the throat

and lungs, is equally unfavorable for nervous patients. There is one wind blowing occasionally from the northwest, which causes such nervous agitation that its influence is recognized in the courts of law, and crimes of passion committed when this wind is blowing are mitigated, in the judgment of the tribunals, by the circumstance. The old proverb gets a new meaning under such conditions, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!" Our experience of Malaga was that some wind blew most of the time, and that dust and dirt were very offensive elements in the place.

The city is not clean or savory, and there are no proper sanitary arrangements anywhere. The chief hotel, managed for a company which also owns hotels at Granada and Madrid, is handsome and poorly kept; the arrangements for travel by land or water are very primitive and unsatisfactory, and one realizes here that he has come nearly to the end of Spain. Yet there are many fine villas in the neighborhood of Malaga, and numbers of English people live there in the greatest luxury and contentment, prolonging and enjoying lives which would be prematurely cut off or made a lingering misery if they were passed in the British Isles.

After we had rested long enough in Malaga, and found an evening when a smooth sea and a good French steamer came together, we embarked, and the early morning found us off Gibraltar.

XXVIII

GIBRALTAR

GUIDES TO THE ROCK — A VETERAN IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE — HOW TO REACH GIBRALTAR — THE TOWN — LANDING FROM THE SHIP — A WRECK — THE MARKETS — ALAMEDA GARDENS — APES OF TARSHISH — NEUTRAL GROUND AND SPANISH SOIL — THE ROCK AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS — IMPREGNABLE FORTIFICATIONS — SOLDIER'S LIFE — A SHAM FIGHT — THE BLACK WATCH — ENGLAND'S RIGHT TO GIBRALTAR

ANY one who wishes to see the famous "Rock" intelligently should read the book which Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field has written upon Gibraltar. It is a complete guide-book, an epitome of the history of the place and a charming narrative of travel and reminiscence. The author is still remembered with pleasure by those among whom he passed the days of his sojourn. The American consul at Gibraltar, Horatio J. Sprague, Esq., has passed his life upon the rock. His father was appointed by Andrew Jackson, and the son filled the father's place by appointment of President Polk. Universally popular and admirably adapted to the place, he has maintained the honor of the government and discharged the duties of his position through all political changes. During the war of the rebellion his duties

were especially trying, for the sympathies of England were with the Southern States, and Gibraltar was a place of resort for their privateers. But, by firmness mingled with courtesy, he was able to uphold the honor of our flag, without incurring the personal hostility of rebel sympathizers.

Gibraltar can be reached in several ways. The easiest, for those who like a voyage by sea, is to take the P. and O. steamer from England, which in five days brings one around Cape Vincent, the most western point of the European continent, and enters the Straits at Tarifa. Here stand the remains of the robber castles and forts which once guarded the passage and extorted dues from coasting vessels which passed to and from the Mediterranean. Our tariff gets its name from this place, and some of the nations are ready now to class the United States with the ancient robbers. Opposite Tarifa is Tangier, on the African coast; and in the distance, on Cape Spartel, the northwestern point of Africa, stands a lighthouse, maintained by the six great maritime powers of Europe and the United States, a happy union in the benevolent work of life-saving, where once the Barbary wreckers used, by false beacons, to lure mariners to destruction. The world moves, and even darkest Africa has some points of light. Tarifa is at the narrowest point of the "Straits," which are here about twelve miles in width. They extend, upon the African side, from Cape Spartel east to the promontory of Ceuta, where there is a Spanish convict settlement; and on the Spanish side, from the Cape of Trafalgar to Europa Point, the outlying end

of the "Rock," a distance of nearly forty miles. A constant current sets in from the Atlantic, running at the rate of two or three miles an hour; and when this current meets an easterly wind, the sea is very rough.

Another method of reaching Gibraltar is by the steamers of the French Transatlantic Company, which touch once a week at Malaga, and in a short night passage make the voyage between the two places. One drawback to the comfort of these trips is the embarking and landing. This must be done in open boats and often in a rough sea, and as the vessels usually lie at considerable distance from the shore, the transit is disagreeable and often dangerous. Travellers by sea are, however, accustomed to such experiences, and if they get soaked, or have a piece of luggage dropped into the sea, to be fished out somewhat the worse for the immersion, they do not think that "some strange thing has happened to them."

For good riders there is a third way of reaching Gibraltar. It is from Bobadilla, on the railway between Cordova and Malaga, and passes through Ronda. There is rail for a part of the distance, but the central portion must be travelled on horseback or in a jolting diligence over execrable roads. The scenery is grand and very wild, with sudden transitions to extreme beauty of cultivation and landscape. This route was until recently unsafe for travellers without an escort, as brigands abounded and robberies and murders were frequent. These things have mostly ceased, and we travelled with two well-known railway promoters, who were engaged in building

the line from Bobadilla through Ronda to Algeciras, a town on Gibraltar Bay. They kindly offered us the courtesies of the railroad company and a contractor's car over the portion of the railway yet unopened to the public; but we feared being stranded in the mountains without a guide or horses, and had, besides, planned our route by way of Malaga, and declined their polite invitation.

Gibraltar is generally thought of simply as a fortified rock; but there is a town lying at the foot of the rock, which, although guarded by large batteries and deep moats and formidable gates and subterranean passages, and five thousand English soldiers, has yet a population of twenty thousand people, most of whom are Spanish. The main street, from the Waterport to the Alameda gardens, is a curious composition of English-looking shops with Spanish proprietors; and at any time one can see sailors of every nation, in their flat caps and blue shirts, mingling with red-coated British soldiers, tall and solemn-looking Moors, in turbans, yellow slippers, and long white burnooses, Jews from Morocco, with fur caps, Zouave jackets, and baggy trousers, and European travellers, in the monotonous costume of our modern civilization. The town climbs in terraces on the western side of the rock several hundred feet, and flows down to the bay, across which it looks to Algeciras and the Spanish Mountains. The houses are of stone, covered with white and yellow stucco, and the better class have small but beautiful gardens full of flowers and fruits. Many of the residents have also farms and villas in Spain, to which they

resort during the heat of the summer; for the town, so sheltered in winter as to be a delightful health resort, is a hot and trying place to live in during July and August.

It was early on a bright May morning that our large French steamer came to anchor off Gibraltar. We had watched the leonine rock as its proportions grew larger and larger, and appreciated its natural strength before we were shown what engineering and the art of war had done to make it stronger still. The appearance of the town from the sea is hardly picturesque, compared with other Mediterranean seaports. It lies low along the shore and the lower parts of the rock and consists almost entirely of huge barracks uniform in size and shape and white-washed in the most dazzling manner. Mingled with these barracks are gray and brown flat-roofed houses, built of bricks and wood and covered with stucco, to suit the ideas of the owner or the position of the building.

The landing is characteristic of the Mediterranean. As soon as the vessel casts anchor, dozens of sail-boats and row-boats put out from shore, and from each of these several men board the steamer. A scene of quarrelling, gesticulating, and noise takes place, until all the passengers have made their choice of watermen, when luggage and people are hustled into the boats in the most unceremonious style. If the sea is rough, as it usually is, the chances of getting wet and losing some parcels of luggage overboard are in favor of the sea and against the passenger. As we looked toward shore, we were confronted

with the melancholy sight of the masts and smoke-stack of the ill-fated *Utopia*, which ran upon the ram of the ship of war *Anson*, while rounding-to in the harbor, during a fearful gale last March. She sank in a few minutes, bearing to a watery grave nearly six hundred men, women, and children, who were emigrants from Italy to New York. Everything was done which brave English seamen from the ships of war, aided by a multitude of boats, and electric lights that swept the bay, could do to save the unfortunates; but the storm, and panic, and night and cold made the disaster the most dreadful which Gibraltar has ever seen in days of peace. Such scenes in time of war are a part of the glory of a victory; in time of peace, we estimate wreck and death, resulting even indirectly from the ram of a ship of war, more justly.

Upon the wharf you are assailed by the rudest and most clamorous style of your native tongue, though the figures about represent every nationality. There are groups of blue-shirted fishermen, with purple flannel caps, girded with red sashes; Moors in white turbans and yellow slippers, and in red fez caps, waiting for the steamer which will take them onward in their pilgrimage to Mecca, for it is the fast of the Ramadan, and they would fain reach the prophet's tomb in time for the Bairam feast; travellers from every part of Europe, who are changing steamers or have come to see the place; and a motley crowd of the curious race of sailors, who, made up from all lands, form a nationality of their own, and are rightly called "seamen."

Entering through the gates, after being recorded, one comes first to a square, full of British soldiers. From this barrack-square opens the main street, leading up from the Waterport. It is hardly wide enough for vehicles to pass and is lined with common shops full of English, Spanish, and Moorish goods, for sale at high prices. Light phaeton cabs, with brown linen covers and curtains, ply in the streets and lanes; and lines of mules draw huge narrow trucks loaded with wine casks, and hogsheads of tobacco, and naval stores. One misses the shrill cries of Spanish towns, but there are other noises enough of guns, and drums, and fifes, and the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of men to break the stillness of the fine clear air.

The hotel is poor and dear, its rooms are small and dirty, and there is nothing royal about it but its name. In the Commercial building opposite, a pleasant library and reading-room are maintained by the residents, to which strangers are politely invited. Behind this building an open-air market is held, where Jews and Greeks and Turks and English privates and Spanish smugglers, with a sprinkling of horrid old crones, may be seen every morning bargaining for old bedsteads, and rickety tables and chairs, dilapidated bird-cages, and second-hand clothes, while an English auctioneer sells hogsheads and boxes of tobacco to the highest bidder. My high silk hat proclaiming me an American, in the latter crowd, my advice as to the quality and year of a lot of Virginia leaf was eagerly sought by some of the buyers, and I hope they had no occasion to repent of

their purchases. The fruit and fish markets of the town are excellent, the former being supplied with delicious fruit from Spain and Morocco. At the time of our visit, the fish-market was deserted for a ghastly but suitable reason,—the great number of unrecovered bodies from the wreck of the *Utopia!*

The approach to Gibraltar from the Mediterranean Sea is decidedly the best point for a first impression. The fortress and the town do not at first sight seem to have any connection with each other. The fortress is a lofty promontory of rock, called Calpe by the ancients. It projects into the sea southerly from the mainland a distance of about three miles, being less than a mile in width. The isthmus which joins it to the mainland is so low and destitute of trees or buildings that at first one thinks Gibraltar to be an island. It might easily be made one by cutting through this isthmus, which is called the "Neutral Ground," and on the British side of this neutral territory abundant provision has been made for flooding the ground and blowing up all the roadways.

Seen from the Mediterranean, the rocky mountain which forms the fortress looks like a colossal sphinx or a lion couchant, the head turned towards Africa, and the shoulders and body falling off with undulating outlines towards Spain. The resemblance is not imaginary, but real, and most appropriate to the character of the place. The highest part of the rock is one thousand four hundred and thirty feet, and it seems bare of vegetation. This is not the fact, however, for every cleft and ledge where a morsel of soil can lodge is clothed with vegetation, and often the

openings which have been pierced for cannon are hung with screens of wild flowers or fringed with geranium and heliotrope bushes. The precipitous sides of the gray limestone rock were verdant at the time of our visit, in the spring of the year; the palmettos were green, and the prickly-pear trees were just putting forth yellow flowers around their clumsy lobes. A few months later the heat will make everything brown and sere.

The rock is almost perpendicular on the eastern and southern sides, and the northern side, which fronts the narrow and low isthmus connecting it with the mainland, is very precipitous. All of these sides are strongly fortified; in addition to the defences which nature has given, there are tunnels and galleries pierced for cannon, and every nook and corner is guarded against surprise. The British government is not content with the present defences, but is even now constructing new galleries and placing new batteries. Through the courtesy of our consul, Mr. Sprague, we were furnished with permits from Governor-General Nicholson, who has only just now been appointed to the place, to visit the fortress. A master gunner conducted us by narrow paths up the steep ascent and into the galleries which have been cut through the solid rock. An old Moorish castle stands near the entrance. It is one of the oldest in Spain, and bears over the gate an inscription, stating that it was built in 725 by Abu Abul Hajez.

The rock excavations, in which immense guns are mounted, are all dry and well ventilated and look out in every direction. They are hung with chain

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

curtains as a defence against shot and shell. Large magazines of powder and shot and shells are at hand within the rock. Looking out from these lofty windows of death, it seems as if it would be impossible for any enemy to capture a garrison shut up in Gibraltar, so long as there was a supply of food; and the result of the last great siege, so graphically described by Colonel Drinkwater in 1783, and by Dr. Field a hundred years later, confirms this opinion. The rock has been held in turn by the Moors, the Spaniards, and since 1704 by England. In that year, during the war of the succession, Sir George Rooke surprised the garrison, of only eighty men, and obtained possession of it. England has never had any better title to the rock than this capture. No treaty nor purchase, no protectorate of a weak nation nor alliance against a strong one, gives her this fortress. She took it by force and without provocation, as she has taken most of the places which form the British empire; and she holds it firmly, as she has held everything except the territory of the United States of America. Though it involves a garrison of five thousand soldiers, who are utterly useless and inactive, and an expenditure of nearly a million of dollars annually, this price is cheerfully paid by the nation for the pride of seeing the red cross of England waving from Europa Point and from the signal station on the height.

The panorama from this station, called also El Hacho, is superb. To the east stretches the blue Mediterranean, dotted with sails and steamers; across the Straits are the rugged hills of Africa,

beyond which the snow-clad peaks of the Atlas Mountains shine dimly on the horizon. There lie the rich towns of Morocco and the routes to a part of the world which has fresh fields for the tourist; westward are Tarifa and the coast-line of the Atlantic, and to the north lie the mountains and valleys of Spain, to whom Gibraltar naturally belongs. In the distance the range of the Sierra de Ronda, and on the northeastern horizon, the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada are seen. Below lies the town of Gibraltar, like a toy village; and the vessels at anchor in the bay, though some of them are formidable ships of war, seem only miniature ships from this height. O'Shea, whose excellent guide-book sometimes "drops into poetry," waxes eloquent and prophetic over this prospect as he writes: "To the right stretches glorious Spain, asleep yet, and a *Past* that must come back again; to our left, Africa, a virgin land, or, rather, an emaciated giant, whose veins the fresh blood of Europe must and will quicken to new life, and there lies, veiled, the *Future;* and on old Calpe here we stand, the stronghold and throne of the power and trade of England, and we feel and grasp the mighty *Present.*" The water-batteries and bastions on the lower portion of the rock and around the town are numerous, and interesting to military men. As a man of peace, I could only look with open-mouthed wonder at a gun of three hundred tons that carries a ball a distance of fifteen miles, and is worked by a special steam engine large enough to drive a vessel and hidden deep in granite cellars. These batteries have the pleasing names of Devil's

Tongue, Ragged Staff, and Jumper's, and frown defiance to all hostile approaches.

Soldiers are to be seen everywhere, in squads marching through the town, in regiments making earthworks and practising engineering, at drill in companies and battalions, and as solitary sentinels at many points upon the rock. One afternoon, as we were driving on one of the higher roads, we saw the flashing bayonets of a regimental drill, and driving down to the parade ground watched for an hour the superb manœuvres of the famous Black Watch regiment. Their band is the finest in Gibraltar, and has four Highland pipes, besides the complement of brass instruments. After the regular drill they went through a series of athletic exercises for half an hour, with the precision and regularity of mechanism, and then marched to quarters with stirring strains of martial music. A finer body of men is not to be seen anywhere, and it seemed a pity that such splendid specimens of mankind should only be trained for the destruction of their fellow-creatures. Their last fighting had been done in Egypt, and now they are resting till the next summons for conflict. One morning word was given that the fortress was to be attacked by the whole force, a sham battle upon a large scale; guns were fired from a dozen different points, and red coats swarmed like insects over the crags and heights, and the whole region resounded with the thunder of the artillery. This is as near to a battle as I ever care to come, and if the noise and smoke and excitement of a sham fight are so terrible, what must the real thing be? The whole place is

under the military rule of the governor, who is appointed by the British government. Though there are twenty thousand Spaniards, and natives of Gibraltar, who are called by the obnoxious name of "rock-scorpions," living under this rule, good order and apparent good feeling prevail. The evening gun is fired shortly after sunset, and then the gates are closed until the morning gun at sunrise permits them to be opened again. During these hours no person is allowed to enter or leave the place without a special permit, which it is not easy to procure. Every person entering must declare at the gate his nationality, and the landing is made under a rigid inspection. The governor has one house in the town itself, and a summer residence beyond Europa Point, the western extremity of the rock, where there is some shelter from the heat of summer and more favoring breezes than in the hot and sheltered town. Life must be monotonous and limited here, especially for those who have lived in the free and exciting atmosphere of England and her colonies; but a soldier's life admits of little choice, and those who serve the British flag must go where duty calls and the orders of the War Office send them.

Just outside of the principal town is the Alameda, an artificial garden and promenade. The drilling ground is at the entrance, where bands play in the evening. This contains monuments to the Duke of Wellington and to General Eliot, the heroic defender of the rock at its last siege. Here shady paths wind through labyrinths of flowering shrubs, and the terraces are covered with masses of large and

beautiful plants. Our common house plants grow to a gigantic size, and walls of rock are covered with geraniums and heliotropes trained as vines. Castor oil plants and daturas and daphnes grow to the size of trees and "never say die." To these gardens, when the figs begin to ripen, descend a curious colony of apes, which have been "preserved" upon the rock of Gibraltar. They are respected and protected. Their increase is slow and they do not number half a hundred. Now and then one may be seen, chewing a fruit and nervously moving his round restless eyes, but in general they "keep dark" and confine themselves to their own society. East of the rock is the Jewish cemetery, with closely placed stones inscribed in Hebrew; another graveyard is near at hand, and then the desolate strip called "*neutral ground*" dividing the English and Spanish lines. We drove to San Roque one afternoon. The change from the clean, spruce, well-paved, and strictly governed Gibraltar, with its tall, straight, well-dressed soldiers, to the Spanish camp, dirty, ill-paved, swarming with beggars, and patrolled by lean, stooping, and brigandish Spaniards in shabby uniforms, was a comment upon the two nations which it is needless to enlarge. The track (it cannot be called a road) to San Roque lies along a beach of deep sand and then over stones and ruts which render anything on wheels an instrument of torture. The animals that carry people on their backs are at a premium in the Spanish peninsula. The horse, the mule, and the much abused, but most useful and comfortable ass, are easier than any vehicle, including many of the

railway carriages of the country. One drive from Gibraltar to the Spanish environs will be enough for a lifetime.

After seeing the fortifications, the gardens, and friends in Gibraltar, there is little to detain the tourist. There are no artistic buildings, no classic ruins. There are churches and synagogues which are no better than one can see in any good-sized town; life goes on here with military precision and monotony; religion and commerce are free; the blessings usually enjoyed under the English flag exist here, but even those blessings become wearisome when they have to be taken, like medicine, at set times and under military inspection; and so, after a few days, we had a desire to depart from the Rock.

It was not moonlight, there was no evening gun, but broad, high noon when we and our belongings were taken on board the dirty little tugboat *Hercules*, which was to convey us across the Straits to the land of the Moor.

XXIX

THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR

ROUGH WATER — THE TUG HERCULES — VIEWS OF SPAIN AND AFRICA — THE BAY OF TANGIER AND CAPE SPARTEL — LANDING IN AFRICA

When the traveller has come to the southern end of Europe, he must either retrace his steps or "carry the war into Africa." We had finished our visit in Gibraltar, and the summer weather had not yet come upon us. There was still time for a short excursion to Tangier, and so we went to see the Moors.

In a clear day one can see across the Straits of Gibraltar without glasses, but, in spite of what the guide-books say, the crossing under the existing conditions takes from four to five hours. One writer says, "The passage from Gibraltar is pleasant." Perhaps he would say the same of the English Channel. Some of the passengers who crossed the Straits in the tug *Hercules* would not be of this mind. The tide was flowing in from the Atlantic at seven miles an hour; the powerful under-current from the Mediterranean was pushing out its mass of waters; there was a strong wind blowing against the tide, and the Straits were white with wave crests. The dirty old cattle-boat wheezed and groaned and belied its name "Hercules," for once or twice it nearly turned around

in mid-channel. At this the captain, who was born in Boston, though he looked like an Arab and talked a dozen tongues, said, "She's blamed hard to steer, but we'll get her through this time"; and so we did, but we had been on board exactly five hours. There was no cabin, and no comfortable seat; and one of the ladies who gratefully accepted the captain's bunk, so that she might lie down, repented afterwards in haircloth and Persian powder. If any of my readers intend to go to Tangier, let them choose a big French steamer or a smooth day, unless they are good sailors and superior to trifling annoyances. To such the crossing gives a fine chance to see the Spanish and African coast. Algeciras, with its white houses and groves of aloes and prickly-pear, backed by wild moors and rugged mountains, and Tarifa, sleeping amidst orange groves, faded gradually from sight. As we turned southward, in the distance we could see the snow-covered peaks of the Atlas Mountains and the nearer heights of Capes Malabette and Spartel. The latter forms the western extremity of the African continent and rises, a projecting mass of stone, a thousand feet more or less into the air. A lighthouse is maintained here by the mutual aid of Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, each nation paying one-fourth of the cost. This union to protect the commerce of the world from disaster, and save the lives of sailors, is far better, in my opinion, than combinations among civilized nations to despoil the heathen and divide their lands among Christians. As we slowly worked our way across the Straits, we saw many steam-

vessels going to and fro, some arriving from long voyages around the Cape of Good Hope and from South America, others from Italy and the East, and others still from France and England, on the way to various Mediterranean ports.

The steamer entered the Bay of Tangier, and cast anchor at a short distance from the shore. Tangier is situated at the northwest extremity of the bay, and rises in amphitheatre on the slopes of two hills; the northern one is occupied by the citadel or "Kasbah," and the town occupies the southern.

Seen from the sea, the city bears a picturesque aspect, somewhat like Algiers, though smaller. At first it seemed to be a multitude of white specks on a green ground, then the specks grew into white houses in the midst of orange and citron trees, and along lanes of aloes, with minarets rising from the mosques and towers from the governor's palace. Prominent among the large houses near the shore is the Continental Hotel, as nice a resting-place for the Oriental traveller as can be found in Africa, clean, commodious, and comfortable, with a good table, a choice library, and excellent service. Beyond the town there are green hills, among which are many fine residences of diplomats and merchants, with choice and delightful gardens.

No sooner had the steamer cast anchor than it was surrounded by dozens of boats, from which issued a swarm of naked and half-naked Moors and negroes, who seized the luggage promiscuously, and often the passengers also, to carry them ashore. Fortunately it was high tide, and we were able to land at the stair-

case, though in the midst of a squalling and tearing crowd of wet and dirty natives, all eager to serve and cheat the bewildered foreigner. When the tide is low, these fellows carry passengers on their backs through the surf to the shore. An English lady of our acquaintance vividly described her horror at being addressed by a gigantic and half-naked Moor with, "Here, woman, back," as he solicited her to employ him to carry her through the waves. These men have a habit of stopping half-way from shore and making their bargain at a point where failure to agree to their terms would result in being dumped into the sea. We escaped these annoyances, and at length arrived with our boxes at the city gate. There sat the receivers of customs. They hardly deigned to look upon the infidels whose luggage was opened before them, and placidly inhaled the fragrant tobacco through their long pipes, nodded their turbaned heads, and continued to squat on the wooden divans while the trunks were strapped up again and carried to the hotel. On the way to the hotel, through filthy lanes blockaded with multitudes of laden asses, we were beset by a variety of natives of every shade from black to olive, dressed in white and blue linen, and covered with fez caps or massive rolls of turban, who desired to serve as dragomans and guides. We made our selection upon the general ground of a knowledge of English and French, and were at once relieved from the importunity of the rest. It certainly was worth a dollar and a half a day to be piloted about through the nondescript crowds of Tangier and

defended against the legions of beggars who infest every street and square and public place.

Beggars are to be found in every country, but there are varieties of the species. I have known one in Rome who could always change a *scudo* (a dollar piece) to get the huge copper coin which used to pass current for about five cents, and who died rich; and another in New York, who managed for a year to collect a considerable sum each week to bury his child; and a fashionable one in Paris, who gave readings and lectures, ostensibly for charity, but really on the "beggar" plan. These specimens are interesting and amusing. There are, too, the jolly beggars of Naples, and the sanctimonious beggars of Spain, and the obscene beggars of Liverpool and London; but for downright and utter misery, filth, disease, and nakedness combined, I have seen nothing equal to the representatives of beggary in the Barbary States.

XXX

TANGIER

THE EARLIEST AFRICAN TOWN — A PLACE OF MANY OWNERS — WHITEWASHED HOUSES AND NARROW STREETS — VEILED WOMEN — A CAFÉ CONCERT — MOSLEM WORSHIP — THE DANGERS OF THE PLACE — THE MARKET-DAY — CAMELS AND CONFUSION — A SNAKE-CHARMER AND HIS VICTIMS — AN ORIENTAL STREET-CLEANING BUREAU

Tangier is a thoroughly Moorish town with little that is European to modify the oriental impression which it makes upon the visitor. It has a population of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and less than a tenth of these are Europeans. It is the residence of the governor of the province, and of the foreign ministers and consuls who are accredited to Morocco. Its name, originally Tingis, denotes its Carthaginian origin, and it is supposed to be the earliest town in this part of Africa. It has belonged to various nations, — Rome, Portugal, England, and France. The Portuguese had it for two hundred years, till in 1662 it was given to England as a part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, who married Charles the Second. Twenty-two years later, the English gave it up as an unprofitable possession, after having destroyed the mole and fortifications which they had built. The city was once

TANGIER FROM THE OLD MOLE.

beautiful, and during the Portuguese occupation had a cathedral and other fine buildings. These have all been destroyed, together with the jetty which formed the port, the battery, and other defences.

The business of the place consists chiefly in supplying Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Lisbon with provisions and cattle. Twice a week the *Hercules* transports from fifty to a hundred beef cattle for the consumption of British soldiers in the garrison at Gibraltar, for John Bull must have his roast beef wherever he sojourns. Large supplies of fruits and vegetables and crates of poultry go also to Gibraltar and the other ports mentioned. It was an amusing sight to watch from our windows, at the Continental Hotel in Tangier, the loading of the steamships in the bay by the Moorish watermen. The stupidity and slowness and clumsiness of the operation would have driven a New York stevedore crazy, and we were sometimes very sorry for the poor animals whose torments in this transportation must have given them an apprehension of their coming fate.

The picturesque appearance of the town, with its whitewashed towers and cupolas and tiled roofs, as seen from the anchorage, vanishes upon landing. The principal street traverses the town from the Bab-el-Marsa, or Marine Gate, to the Bab-el-Sok, or Gate of the Market-place. It is thirty feet wide, steep, and paved with cobble-stones, which are smooth and slippery. On either side of the street are oriental shops, with Moors and Jews sitting cross-legged on covered platforms, surrounded by shelves, upon which their wares are displayed. These mer-

chants usually have long pipes in their mouths, and seem less interested in selling their goods than in watching their neighbors. The other streets are only narrow and winding lanes, very dirty, and crowded with mules, asses, and horses, which are often carrying loads which make it impossible to pass. The pedestrian retreats into a doorway or an alcove to allow these beasts of burden to go by, and the driver warns freight trains coming in an opposite direction to halt at a widening of the alley, if they wish to avoid a collision. The houses are mostly of one story, with flat or terraced roofs, having windowless walls on the street and one large entrance, which leads into an inner court, around which the house is built and upon which the rooms open. Sometimes there is a fountain in the centre of the court, but oftener a rough pavement for the animals which are bivouacked there. Beggars abound; some are blind, lame, maimed, and diseased, and others are simply lazy and wicked. They squat and lie in the midst of the filth of the streets, of which they sometimes seem to form a part, or they follow, clinging like burrs on a woollen garment to the hope of getting at last a *pesata* or a *real* by their persistency. The men on foot are often tall and finely formed, with flashing eyes and sinewy arms and legs, striding along with a firm gait, in spite of their slippered feet, and giving one an idea of a powerful race. Little is seen of the women, except a bundle of white woollen or cotton cloth gathered over the head and face so as to leave one, and sometimes two, eyes exposed. They shuffle about, or are mounted on donkeys, led

by a slave or eunuch. The Jewish women go unveiled, and some of them have dark, handsome faces and beautiful eyes. There are few who would not be improved by more soap and less cosmetic and grease, but the ways of women in all countries are passing strange and beyond rational analysis. Fashion is doubtless as strong in Tangier as in Paris, and about as sensible in her decrees.

One evening we went with our interpreter to a café concert. It was held in a courtyard, over which a temporary roof had been thrown. There were divans around the walls, on which the performers sat cross-legged in the costumes of the East. A few English and Americans were seated on chairs near the entrance. Coffee, with the grounds in the cup, and pipes of tobacco were furnished to the guests. At intervals the musicians made dreadful noises upon rude banjos and tambourines, and sang with a nasal twang a monotonous refrain in the minor key. Wind instruments were occasionally introduced, and the resemblance to a Chinese symphony or the cat concert on a back fence was remarkable. We were glad to retire early from this musical soirée, and stumble through the lanes and alleys back to our hotel, guided by our interpreter, who was himself guided by a turbaned Moor, dressed in a white cotton shirt and slippers, and carrying a small lantern. We usually made fresh acquaintance with various familiar specimens of insect life on each of these excursions.

In the streets of Tangier there is a constant stream of human and animal life. Sometimes the crowd is so great that movement is difficult, and it is wonder-

ful that no one is hurt. Huge camels swing along with creaking loads; dozens of men ride on mules, which go right on without reference to what they carry; asses, loaded until the ass is obliterated and only animated bundles of grass, straw, or merchandise can be seen, wobble about on the polished stones; while slave women with water jars on their heads, water-sellers with skins of the precious fluid across their shoulders, jingling their cups and crying out to passers-by in harsh guttural voices, and fruit-sellers elbow their way along. On handsome animals one will see swarthy Moors, their flowing robes hanging down to the legs and feet of the animals, and veiled women, jostling, ragged Arabs, who are sitting solemnly on donkeys or driving the wretched beasts in front of them with prods and exclamations. Truly we have, by crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, come into another sphere! How far away the rest of the world, its civilization and its customs, seems! Here, too, is a different religion. The muezzin's call to prayer from the minaret is heard three times a day, and the faithful stop all work, if by any chance such a thing should be going on, and facing towards the tomb of the Prophet they bow and prostrate themselves and pray. We cannot enter the mosque, for nowhere is fanaticism more violent than in Morocco, and there is no toleration for a Christian except that which comes from wholesome fear. Yet there is a little iron church in Tangier and an Episcopal rector, who is protected by the British embassy; and this wedge may ultimately split the hard and fast Mohammedanism into which it has been driven.

The time passed pleasantly at Tangier, "the city protected by the Lord." The sky was turquoise blue, and cloudless. The atmosphere was clear and dry, and the sun was warm and bright. It was a joy to live and breathe, to mount a quiet mule or an ambling donkey and ride beyond the town to the curious market-place, or out among the hills where foreign residents have beautiful villas and gardens of delight. It is not safe to go far without an escort, for the people hold all life cheap, and the life of an infidel dog is of very little account. Fear of reprisals for violence, or of the prison where many of the captives starve to death, since the government furnishes no food and the wretched captive is dependent upon chance charity, and of an unexpected revolver, — these things keep down the murder record; but it is better not to go about alone in the Barbary States. There are special reasons for this in Tangier, for it receives into its bosom every year several hundred Spanish convicts who escape from the penal settlement at Ceuta, further east along the African coast. With a native or armed companion excursions for hunting or botanizing may be made, with gratifying success.

The market is always a scene of interest and amusement. Our visit was during the Ramadan, just before the Bairam feast. All the Mohammedans were fasting from the time of the morning gun till sunset; they ate no food and drank no water, neither did they smoke, and these deprivations made them quarrelsome and cross, instead of meek and pious. It was Wednesday evening when I first went to the Sok, or market-place, and a hundred loaded camels were just coming

in from their long journey. The treeless and dirty hill where the market is held was covered with tents, of the most ragged and filthy description, and extempore booths, where all sorts of things were for sale. Crockery and brass trays, skins of animals, vegetables and fruits in baskets, with nets over them to prevent thieving, cotton cloth and fez caps and weapons and ornaments were lying around in the dirt, with braying donkeys and kicking mules and shrill-voiced women in great abundance. Picturesque groups of squatting women enveloped in their white haiks were gathered together in one place; in another were a company of tall and straight men from the mountains between Ceuta and Oran, draped in the hooded arba, their heads smooth-shaved with the exception of a single lock. These men are called "reefians," and are said to be oftentimes ruffians and robbers, and of pure descent from the Berber race. Into this motley crowd the clumsy camels came, their great spongy feet spreading out and trampling over everything, their huge loads swinging from side to side as they walked, the drivers and leaders prodding them and yelling in coarse Arabic, making them kneel here or stand there till a place was cleared for unloading. The ugly beasts would bite and blow great bladders of red, foam-streaked skin out of their mouths, and try to roll on the ground, uttering disagreeable sounds, adding to the confusion worse confounded of the scene.

A special crowd excited my attention. In the centre of an eager circle a fiendish-looking man was prancing about. He had wild, rolling eyes and an open mouth, in which a few huge and lonesome teeth

contrasted with the dense blackness of his face, around the edges of which and on the upper lip was a thick growth of wiry curling hair. He wore a skull-cap studded with silver coins, from which hung woollen tassels ornamented with similar coins. A ragged brown "gehab" covered his body. His bare arms were brandished aloft One hand held a bag of charms, and in the other he clutched a huge snake, which writhed and hissed and thrust out its tongue and tried to strike with its fangs. As the horrid man danced to and fro, and around the circle, which gave way at his approach, he would bring the snake's head to his own mouth and thrust out his tongue till it touched the serpent's fangs. The reptile seemed to bite the tongue, and blood would flow. Thrusting his hand into his bosom he drew forth another and larger snake, which was from four to six feet long, twisted the two together, and teased them, and seemed to control them as he chose. The exhibition was going on bravely, till another snake-charmer appeared upon the scene, when a sudden and violent quarrel arose, in which the snakes of the combatants were thrown about in such a lively manner that the crowd scattered in every direction and left the contestants a free field for their conflict. The faces of both men were scarred with snake bites; but though the reptiles are said to be venomous, the exhibitors seemed to have no fear of serious results from their bites. It is said that they take antidotes, and also that the poison is sometimes removed from the serpents' fangs.

With difficulty we made our way through the throng of beasts and men and women, and by devious

ways reached the door of the hotel, which admitted us to comfort and repose. The next morning being the regular market-day, we again essayed the Sok, where the scene was indeed an oriental picture, worth crossing the Straits of Gibraltar to see.

The crowd was dense, the din terrible, the dust thick; men, women, and children, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, flying fowl, and creeping things contributed to a scene of unequalled confusion. Bundles of green grass and piles of yellow oranges, cackling hens and crowing cocks which were singing their own requiems, baskets of eggs and tubs of olives, heaps of nuts and strings of dates, candies and fruits of all sorts, household goods and utensils, gaudy shawls and cloths, and yellow and red shoes of all sizes were strewn in wild disorder upon the bare ground. Through this mass of men and things now and then a proud official would ride rapidly, careless who were knocked down or what damage was done. Both horse and rider were as regardless of "the masses" as the rich Christians of America are said to be; but "the masses" managed to look after themselves pretty well, and few serious mishaps occurred. The dress of the women in the market is much like that of the Irish emigrant on a rainy day, a short skirt, and a clumsy woollen shawl drawn close over the head. Sometimes, instead of the shawl, the head and face are covered with a handkerchief; but only Jewesses wear their faces exposed.

The dirt of the market-place was indescribable, and the swarms of greedy flies made a stay in the midst of it impossible. There is a street-cleaning department

in Tangier, to which I was invited to contribute by a printed circular; but I think the officers must have been taking a vacation at the time of my visit. We rode to the shops where braziers were making brass trays out of thin metal plates. The work was done rapidly, and with some degree of elegance, the only instruments being a hammer and chisel. Other trades were in full operation, and my idea that all Orientals are indolent received a decided shock as I rode past these busy workshops.

There were multitudes of children and beggars, all very dirty, many of them loathsome from disease, and some lepers among them, who are not confined to a special quarter, as in other cities. After learning this we were not so anxious to perambulate the crowded streets, but made our way to a bazaar, where a plausible Jew endeavored to make us buy Moorish dresses, and old linen rags with dirty embroidery on them, for curtains and portières and chair covers. I am so stupid as to prefer clean and new and nice things to the infected and rotten old "bargains" which are to be had in junk shops, and so I reached the hotel with a few shekels still in my purse.

XXXI

ORIENTAL INTERIORS

OUR CONSUL AT TANGIER — LUNCHEON IN A PARADISE — MOORISH, JEWISH, AND SPANISH WOMEN — A PRISON AND A HAREM — MOSLEM EXCLUSIVENESS — A ROUGH VOYAGE TO A SAFE HAVEN

The United States of America is well represented at Tangier. Colonel Matthews, who commanded the First California Volunteers during the war, and who was appointed by President Grant, has held the office of consul at Tangier, with a short and unfortunate interregnum, ever since. I have been told that he was born in Morocco, but whether this is true or not, he speaks the language of the country and the other languages of the Mediterranean with fluency, and knows how to protect American interests and make American travellers who call upon him very much at home. The offices of the foreign embassies within the town are not very inviting, and the business to be transacted in their precincts is not always agreeable, but the residences of the officials are delightful. The colonel lives at Mount Washington, about an hour's ride from the hotel, in a fine villa surrounded by an extensive garden, from which one can look out, through vistas of foliage, upon the blue Mediterranean, or inland upon the distant mountains, or down

at the white roofs and towers of the picturesque city of Tangier.

At an appointed hour, a solemn Moor, tall and straight, with large turban and gray beard, clad in long flowing robes of white, girded with a red silk sash, leading a richly caparisoned horse, and another servant leading a jet black mule, with lady's saddle and trappings, appeared at the door of the hotel, to convey us to lunch at the consul's villa. We rode through the lanes and streets of the town, past the market-place, and on, by a road which was lined on either side with hedges of prickly pear and immense aloes with their sharp spears, till we reached the open country. Then the road became a multitude of paths, which had been made by mules and horses and asses and caravans of camels. Through this labyrinth our guides marched, up hill and down hill, and up again, till we reached the villa gate. There were travellers mounted and on foot, and herds of cattle and sheep and goats along the way, and women were washing clothes in the bed of a small river, and spreading them out to dry upon the stones, and other women carrying water jars upon their heads, with one hand held up gracefully to balance the jar; these were slaves and unveiled, and some of them were handsome after their kind.

I could not awaken much enthusiasm respecting feminine beauty in Tangier in the breasts of any of my fellow-travellers; the ladies would not see it, and as for the men they could not, for all the pretty women were veiled. This must have been the case, since none of those natives who were unveiled were

pretty. There is a Jewish quarter in Tangier where there are a plenty of dark-eyed and jet-haired Jewesses, fat and oily-looking, adorned with colored handkerchiefs and much sham jewelry. The beauty of these children of Abraham is of a peculiar type and rarely accompanied with grace of movement, a pleasant voice, or feminine delicacy. The Spanish women whom we saw seemed the prettiest, but doubtless their better taste in dress and better civilization heightened the contrast with their Oriental sisters. The children of all the nationalities are attractive, lively, and bright, a little impish and mischievous, as bright children are everywhere, but very amusing and an agreeable part of every Oriental picture.

We passed through the villa gate, and the scene changed at once from an unshaded trail over desolate hills to a most romantic and beautiful garden laid out in avenues of rare trees, loaded with blossoms and fruit, and flowers innumerable, and fountains flowing, and rose-bushes covered with rosebuds and roses in full bloom. There were palms and eucalyptus trees, vines with the promise of a rich vintage, cocoanut and magnolia trees growing to a huge size, orange and citron trees laden with large and luscious fruit. The air was heavy with the perfume of lilac and jasmine and immense shrubs of geranium and heliotrope, and the garden was such an one as Adam might have been content to keep and dress, and Eve to gather its fruits.

The consul had invited to meet us the editor of the Spanish paper in Tangier, whose journal does credit to the profession, though its subscription list

is small, and the job office is more lucrative than the journal. The Duke of Carrara and a lady from Gibraltar were the other guests. We spent a pleasant afternoon in this charming and hospitable circle, and came back to the "Continental" laden with oranges and lemons, and a bushel basket of roses of great size and beauty. On the same afternoon we had invitations to other villas, where the ladies and gentlemen of the embassies met for social intercourse, tea, and music; but it involved more riding than we could well take, and a late return to the hotel.

Before leaving, we made a formal visit to the prison and the harem. Of course only ladies were admitted to the latter, but they cheerfully told us what they saw, without pledging us to secrecy or concealment. The prison is situated on a hill near the ruins of the sultan's palace, and overlooks the harbor. It is a large, whitewashed building, and the prisoners are huddled together in one main room. They are not supplied with food except what they can obtain through the charity of visitors and by the sale of articles which they make of straw and wood. I was informed that deaths from starvation were not unusual. We were only allowed to look through a small opening into the room, and to hand in our contributions through the hole to the hungry occupants.

In the gateway leading to the prison, a kadi holds a sort of court for the settlement of disputes and the administration of justice, not including criminal law. There were half a dozen noisy claimants gesticulating before him as we passed by.

The ladies, who were admitted to the harem of the

governor, were not very enthusiastic in their description of the houris dwelling therein. There was a pretty courtyard, or patio, with a fountain and some flowering shrubs and rose-bushes; the inner rooms were strown with rugs, and divans were ranged around the walls. On these or on the rugs the women sat cross-legged. They were fat, with olive-colored faces and black eyes, dressed in Eastern costume with silk burnooses and scarfs, and a quantity of cheap ornaments. They said little, but eagerly scanned the Paris dresses, and especially the bracelets, rings, and ear-rings of the visitors. Sherbet and thick coffee and cigarettes were served to the guests, and each one was presented with a bunch of roses. In return their hosts were more than satisfied with some trifles from Paris, ribbons and the like. None of them were doing anything in the way of embroidery or fancy work, which is so plentiful in the bazaars. We were told that all such things were done by a lower class of slaves, and that the women of the harem spent their time in idleness and sleep. This may be the base invention of their enemies. The romance of the harem seemed to have faded out and given place to a very commonplace and matter-of-fact impression of its life in the minds of our companions after their visit to the citadel.

The Mohammedans of Morocco are very strict in their religion. The infidel is not allowed to enter or even to look into the mosques, and though I had visited El Akaba at Jerusalem and St. Sophia at Constantinople, the dirty little sanctuary at Tangier was guarded against my profane feet. So I was fain

to be content with the voice of the muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer, and with the religious spectacles in the street at the hours of prayer, when many devout Mohammedans would go through their devotions, regardless of place and, apparently, of observers. It may be that, like the Pharisees of old, they did these things "to be seen of men."

Temptations to remain in Morocco were not wanting, and invitations to stay for a boar-hunt, and a journey to Tetuan and Fez, and perhaps to Mogador, were enticing; but we had only planned for a glimpse of the Barbary States, and so we dismissed the idea of further travel in Africa, mounted upon the backs of stalwart porters, while others carried our boxes, and thus waded out to some tossing boats, which bore us to the rickety and rolling Spanish vessel which we hoped would transport us to Cadiz.

We should have made the trip in five hours, but a strong northwest wind and a heavy head sea lengthened the voyage to nine hours. There was no freight to ballast the vessel, except a few vegetables and crates of chickens, and it jumped about like a cork upon the waves. One of the party sent for the doctor, and seriously informed him that she had been so sick that she feared she was losing her mind, and heard continually the crowing of cocks. She recovered her reason and her physical equilibrium at once, when she was informed that the cargo was largely composed of roosters. It was blowing a gale when we cast anchor in the port of Cadiz, and I did not see how we were to get ashore; but the boatmen are used

to the business, and, after some trouble and no little risk, we were transferred to a large sail-boat, with all of our "traps," and flew to the shore, the gunwale under water all the way, and such a dash of water from the bows that my heavy coat was soaked and I had to change all my clothes. We were ready to rest that night in a town that seemed civilized and clean by contrast with the cities of the African coast.

XXXII

BURGOS

FROM MADRID TO BURGOS — A DECAYED TOWN — A GRAND CATHEDRAL — MEMORIES OF THE CID — LEAVING SPAIN

FROM Cadiz our route was directly by way of Cordova to Madrid, where, after a few days of rest and enjoyment, we made our way to Burgos and the Pyrenees.

The railway from Madrid to Irun winds in and out between the mountain ranges, keeping an average level of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and passing through no less than fifty-seven tunnels. Segovia, Valladolid, and Leon, three towns which contain more antiquities and richer architecture than almost any others in Spain, are upon the way north, and will repay the tourist who spends a day or two in each. The Cathedral of Leon, the sculpture and history of Valladolid, and the architecture and natural beauty of Segovia are the distinctive features of each.

Burgos is two hours distant from the last named, a town built on the side of a hill in the form of a semicircle, sloping gently down to the river Arlanzon, which is crossed by three fine bridges. There are also remains of the citadel and ramparts, and some old Moorish ramparts. The houses are quaint, and the streets narrow and dark.

Coming from the south of Spain we felt the change of climate, for Burgos is high and cold and exposed to bleak winds from the north. The cold lasts for three-fourths of the year, and the summer months have none of that warmth and softness of temperature which is naturally expected in such a latitude. The principal streets facing the river are occupied with modern buildings, but in the dilapidated market-place, with its massive arcades and balconies, there are reminders of old Castilian days when festivals and bull-fights were held here, the nobles filling these balconies, and the people crowding beneath in the arcades. The shops around the market-place were filled with sham jewelry, and Toledo swords, and armor, and old clothes, and other trash of the same sort; but even for these articles there seemed to be no demand, and most of the shopkeepers were lounging and smoking on the pavement.

The Cathedral, which is "one of the finest in Europe," maintained its reputation in our eyes, though they had looked upon most of the wonders of European architecture. Approached from any direction, its lofty spires, models of symmetry and beauty, are seen towering above the town. The harmony of its parts, the purity of its style, and its superb ornamentation impress themselves upon the intelligent visitor. Though it stands upon uneven ground and is surrounded with poor buildings, it is grand and picturesque. One characteristic has been frequently observed and mentioned, that the exterior repeats and expresses, as in embossing, the forms of the internal parts. The eye apprehends the interior

BURGOS—SANTA MARIA GATEWAY.

at a glance from the shape of the outside. To accomplish this in a work of such magnitude and variety is a great architectural achievement. Street, who has given an exhaustive and illustrated description of Burgos in his work upon Gothic architecture in Spain, says of the Cathedral that popular report has never overrated its merits, and that there cannot be two opinions as to the charm of the whole building from every point of view. Its foundation was laid in the thirteenth century, and the name of the architect is unknown. Its towers and filigree turrets are openworked, and statuettes of saints, kings, and prophets, in great numbers, ornament the angles and corridors of the transepts. On the four large pilasters at the angles are large, openworked capitals. The main entrance has three portals corresponding with the nave and aisles, and on each side of the façade are two light and airy towers. The sculptures which once adorned the lower façade have been destroyed, with exception of the statues of Alonzo VI., Ferdinand III., and of two bishops. The second tier has an openworked corridor with turrets and a rose-window. Above this the third stage consists of two large and richly ornamented windows and a balustrade joining the openworked towers. Around these towers there are more than seventy statues of the size of life, representing evangelists, doctors, and saints of the Roman Catholic Church. These towers are three hundred feet high and are examples of the purest and richest forms of Gothic architecture. The interior is in the form of a Latin cross three hundred feet long, two hundred and thirteen feet in

the widest part, and one hundred and ninety-three in greatest height. The effect upon entering is most impressive. The nave is lofty and bold, and is separated from the aisles by twenty massive octagonal pillars, which are made to seem slender by semi-attached shafts. There is a noble simplicity in the construction, which produces a feeling of solemnity and peace well suited to a great sanctuary. The "*crucero*" at the intersection of the two bays is the gem of the whole edifice, of which Charles V. said it ought to be seen in an enclosure of glass, and Philip II. said it was the work of angels rather than of men. The decorations of the transept are varied and rich, composed of allegorical figures, bunches of fruit, angels and inscriptions. The whole interior is splendid in its breadth, of classic and pure style, and worthy to be compared with any other work. Anything like a full description is impossible, but, thanks to photographic art, many of the best parts of this wonderful and beautiful building have been reproduced and are now familiar to lovers of art and architecture.

Burgos was the birthplace of the Cid and the scene of many of his knightly deeds, and it retains his bones; but the local color which fills the descriptions of the wedding of the Cid has faded away, and the town is dull and cheerless. We could no longer imagine such a scene as this: —

"Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

"Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate;
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz in all his bridal state;
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

"The King had taken order that they should rear an arch
From house to house all over, in the way that they must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering
helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

"They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet.
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.

"They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing
'Midst troops of captive maidens, with bells and cymbals
dancing.

"With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos — and the Devil, he comes after;
For the King has hired the horned fiend for twenty maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies."

The Cid's tomb is in the desolate convent of Miraflores, a few miles from Burgos, but his body is said to have been carried off to Burgos and placed in a wooden box in the town hall.

His name was Rodrigo Ruy Diaz, but he is always remembered and spoken of as the "Cid" or chief. His deeds of bravery in war and of kindness and generosity to his friends and to the poor have been rehearsed in many ballads and romances. His faithful steed Bavieca is always mentioned with him, and

the chroniclers tell us that the horse was present at his master's death and shed tears over his dead body. Near to his valiant rider Bavieca was buried, according to the will of the Cid, who ordered, "When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep, for shameful thing it were, that he should be eaten by curs, who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors." Upon his own tomb is the inscription in Latin, "The famous warrior, invincible in battle, the great Rodrigo Diaz is shut within this tomb."

From Burgos we went by way of St. Sebastian to Bordeaux. The journey through the Pyrenees was delightful. The greenness and beauty of the valleys and the fine cultivation of Southern France were indeed restful and comforting after the sombre and desolate landscapes of Northern Spain. The annoyances and discomforts of Spanish travel are becoming less each year, and, looked at through the glass of memory, they seem insignificant compared with the knowledge and pleasure which are to be gained in such a journey.

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